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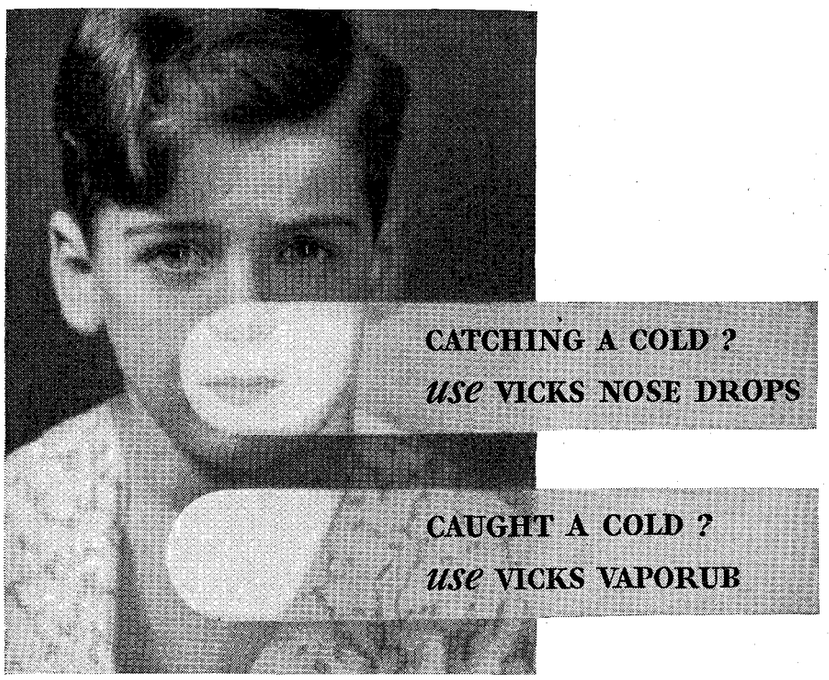

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Mothers—get this double defense for those precious children of yours. For your husband. For you. Adopt the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Have fewer colds. Less severe colds. Less expense. This plan is made possible by the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—a product aimed to *prevent* colds. A companion product to Vicks VapoRub—the modern method of *treating* colds. Here, briefly, is the plan:

1 Before *a cold starts*

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first sniffle —Nature's warning that a cold is coming on—use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

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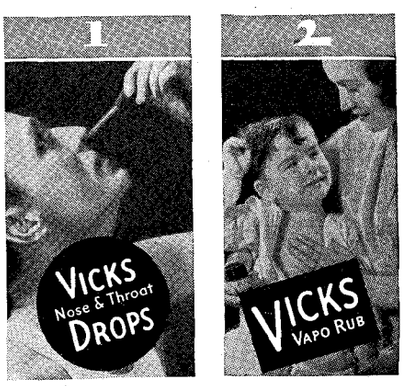

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for FEBRUARY 27, 1932

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Seventeen States Lock Horns in the Dry-Wet Poll

ALMOST HALF A MILLION MORE returned ballots in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Prohibition referendum are here accounted for.

The reader is face-to-face with a partial tabulation of seventeen States, nine of which did not appear in last week's initial tabulation, with 323,550 votes.

This second report of the immense poll has been awaited with the utmost eagerness since our presentation of the first one in THE DIGEST of February 20.

The first report, with its startling figures, had created suspense. Quoted by newspapers all over the country, discust by voters of all parties and all shades of belief, it had given rise to anxious questions.

Would the drys rally and speedily overcome that casual lead scored by their lucky opponents?

Or would the wets consolidate their gains and continue to forge ahead?

These speculations, aroused by the results of that "opening skirmish" of "the 20,000,000-ballot war," helped to rivet the public expectation on this Number Two report.

But again we must warn our readers that the time is not yet ripe for accurate conclusions to be drawn from the poll figures.

Wait till unterrified Kansas horns into the tally with her camel-corps legions.

Wait for the thirty other States, and the District of Columbia.

It's anybody's game yet.

Nevertheless, this second report with its sample votes from seventeen States will be studied intently by well-informed and public-minded men and women who follow the unfoldment of the poll as a slice of history in the making.

To such observers as these, one gathers from their frank comments, this vast Prohibition referendum promises to be of incomparable value as a truthful report of the American nation's mature state of mind toward Prohibition in these early months of the fateful year, 1932.

The second report is not quite as wet as the first one. We advised the drys last week not to be downcast, and already our advice is justified by the event.

To be sure, the wets are still away in the lead, with their new total of 625,806 ballots for repeal of the Prohibition Amendment, as against 149,526 for its continuance. But if you figure out the percentages and compare them with those of last week, you'll find that the faithful drys have forged ahead from 15.85 per cent. to something like 19.28 per cent.

It is not surprizing to find New York just a shade less wet and North Carolina just a shade more dry.

Of the States not recorded in last week's issue, the biggest is Pennsylvania, which bounces into the line-up with 43,831 votes for continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment and 147,139 for its repeal.

Maine, the original Prohibition State, goes wet in our poll, so far, to the tune of some 67.73 per cent.

Still the blizzard of ballots drops its flakes from Atlantic to Pacific, while the voted ballots—each one the expression of some man's or woman's private judgment on an all-important public question—are coming back by wagon-loads.

It seems to the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Union*, editorially, that

> "The effort of the leaders of both parties to keep the Prohibition question out of this year's campaign through the advocacy of some kind of a general referendum in the future may be less successful because THE LITERARY DIGEST is now engaged in another of its referenda which, in times past, have been so indicative of actual results as to be disturbing to those who were dissatisfied with them.
>
> "THE DIGEST'S methods of securing a cross-section of public sentiment both on the Prohibition question and on election prospects have been so illuminating as to the former, and as to the latter so prophetic, that public interest in its present poll on the Prohibition question will naturally be keen.
>
> "A further reason for public interest is in the fact that, instead of a triple questionnaire of enforcement, modification, or repeal as heretofore, THE DIGEST will present the single alternative of retention or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In this respect it departs from the usual questionnaires in such referenda.
>
> "Naturally, it will be a more severe test of public sentiment from a wet standpoint.
>
> "Modificationists who oppose outright repeal will have no place to go except to join the Prohibitionists, and those who do not favor retaining the Amendment in its present form will need to join the repealers.
>
> "Presumably it is the belief of the DIGEST editors that public sentiment has so far crystallized that in general modificationists will be prepared to go to one camp or the other."

Second Report of the Literary Digest Prohibition Poll

State	Favor Continuance of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment	Favor Repeal of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment	Total
CONNECTICUT	1,528	8,579	10,107
GEORGIA	2,969	6,218	9,187
ILLINOIS	3,744	14,683	18,427
INDIANA	7,221	13,162	20,383
MAINE	689	1,446	2,135
MARYLAND	4,450	17,891	22,341
MICHIGAN	754	2,920	3,674
NEW HAMPSHIRE	855	1,808	2,663
NEW JERSEY	14,616	86,603	101,219
NEW YORK	38,144	255,662	293,806
NORTH CAROLINA	6,480	8,870	15,350
OHIO	17,584	45,055	62,639
PENNSYLVANIA	43,831	147,139	190,970
RHODE ISLAND	340	1,733	2,073
VERMONT	630	1,707	2,337
VIRGINIA	4,493	10,196	14,689
WEST VIRGINIA	1,198	2,134	3,332
	149,526	625,806	775,332

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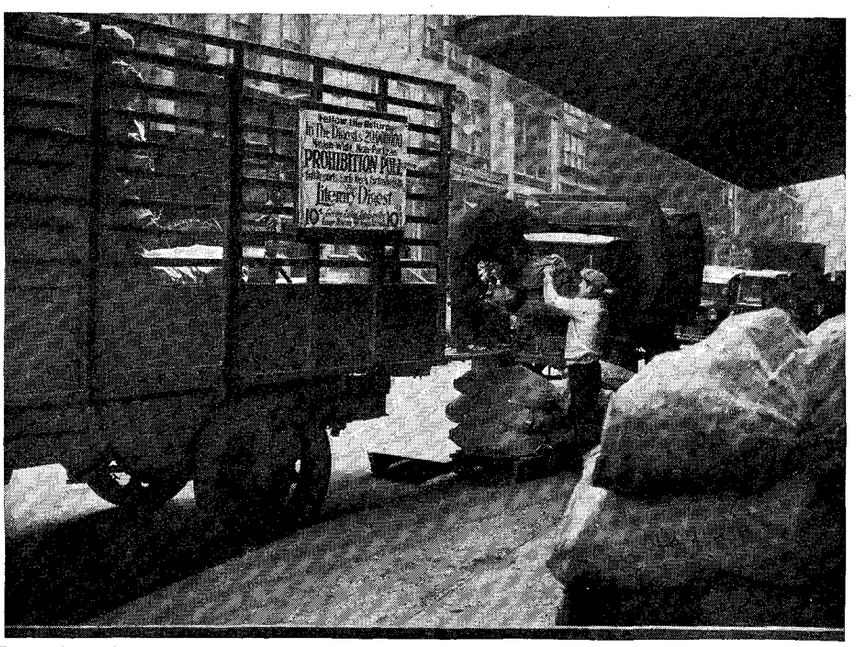
After giving a brief historical sketch of previous DIGEST Prohibition polls, from 1922 on, *The Union* concludes that the present poll should indicate "what might result from a general referendum, such as both parties seem to be inclined to favor, as a means of keeping the troublesome issue out of the current campaign."

And, it may be added, what an excellent means that "general referendum" would be to confirm the accuracy of THE DIGEST'S Prohibition poll. Our Presidential polls have always been corroborated on election day, sometimes up to more than 99 per cent. accuracy, but hitherto there has been no chance for an absolute check-up of our Prohibition polls—altho, of course, enlightened persons follow the sensible course of assuming that DIGEST Prohibition polls are just as exact in their results as DIGEST Presidential polls.



Kevstone photograph

Where the Outgoing Ballots are Loaded for the Mails

Which, of course, they are.

But it seems that many good people need to have all this proved to them over and over again. Results are not enough for them. They crave blue-prints. And, so, they write us letters by the thousand, demanding particulars.

Some of these correspondents are obviously well-meaning and without guile. The letters of others show signs of being regimented on one side or the other for a campaign of obstruction and detraction such as we cheerfully encounter in the course of every poll—sometimes from both sides at once!

It is easy to recognize, too, the emotional fringe attached to every controversial issue. This is true not only of many letters, but, also, of some furtive printed attacks of the same general purport, which we may attend to later.

To whom do we send our 20,000,000 or more ballots?

We'll tell the great secret.

To Americans of both sexes and all occupations in every city, town, village, and rural section in the United States.

To Republicans and Democrats, Prohibitionists and Anti-Prohibitionists, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, business women, bankers, farmers, housewives, men and women doctors, preachers, and teachers.

To railroad men, truck-drivers, and all others, men and women of all ranks, occupations, and beliefs. To the man who brings the milk, and the woman who comes for the wash. To the man of the cross-roads filling-station, and the woman of the Main Street beauty parlor. Our elaborate machinery of distribution works automatically and makes no distinctions.

The result is, as so many observers have remarked, a veritable slice of American life. And a very big slice, too. It has been estimated that, roughly speaking, a DIGEST ballot finds its way to two out of every three American families.

And every State receives a quota proportioned pretty accurately to its voting strength.

For further information we point to the record of prophetic accuracy scored by our various Presidential polls. Historic examples of this have been cited more than once recently. We refrain from repeating just now the famous records of the DIGEST polls in 1924 and 1928, for instance.

Extraordinary achievements, as all the world of intelligence has acknowledged. Behind those achievements is a history of hard work and patient building. By degrees, during forty years, an elaborate machinery has been built up, a system of distribution and of mailing lists which are kept continually up to date by a staff of trained workers.

In view of all of which, THE DIGEST elects to rest on its laurels, and to refer the overinquisitive to those enlightened minds which frankly and freely take the authenticity of a DIGEST poll for granted.

In this connection it is a pleasure to quote from a religious publication, the liberal *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) of Boston. In its issue of February 10, it remarks:

"Once more THE LITERARY DIGEST, by means of a nation-wide poll, undertakes to answer the baffling question 'Is present opinion in the United States for or against Prohibition?' Only two questions are to be answered on the present ballot, 'Are you for Prohibition?' or 'Are you against Prohibition?'

"Twenty million of these ballots are being sent out to every section of the country. The poll is the third that THE DIGEST has conducted on this same subject. Only two years ago a ballot asking these two questions, and an additional one, 'Are you for modification?' showed a distinctly wet tendency. The present poll will doubtless be of assistance to those who would feel out public sentiment before platforms are written and candidates chosen for the fall elections.

"The high degree of accuracy of past DIGEST polls, both Prohibition and Presidential, has earned for them wide-spread respect and reliance. It is important, therefore, that no one should miss this opportunity of showing the country where he stands on a great moral question.

"We urge every one who receives a ballot to mark and remail it immediately."

IT is also a pleasure to inform our large and enthusiastic family of DIGEST subscribers, who have been writing us a flood of letters pleading for ballots, that there will be a special poll for DIGEST subscribers, as there was in 1930. We will tell them in good time when to watch for their ballots.

There will also be special polls for clergymen, doctors, bankers, and lawyers, as in 1930. Our statistical and economic readers will study with interest the results of these referenda of picked and professional classes.

Movietone glimpses of the poll machinery at work should be on view about this time or a little later.

It was a busy morning at the enormous mailing headquarters when the movietone people came with their massive apparatus and dazzling lights, to record the sights and sounds of the place where the blizzard of ballots is born.

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Geneva's Jarring Peace Plans

"DO NOT APPLAUD!"

Huge signs bearing this brief admonition appeared one morning on the walls of the press galleries of the World Disarmament Conference in Geneva.

As far as the press gallery of the world at large is concerned, this warning is hardly necessary.

Applause has died down as sharply as it started when the delegates vied with each other in presenting their various and contradictory programs for disarming the nations.

For realistic observers like the veteran Frank H. Simonds, reporting the Geneva meeting for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate in a series of copyrighted articles, the Conference simmers down to a clash between the policies of rival Continental countries, with British and American delegates sitting on a bench witnessing the tussle. We quote Mr. Simonds from the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

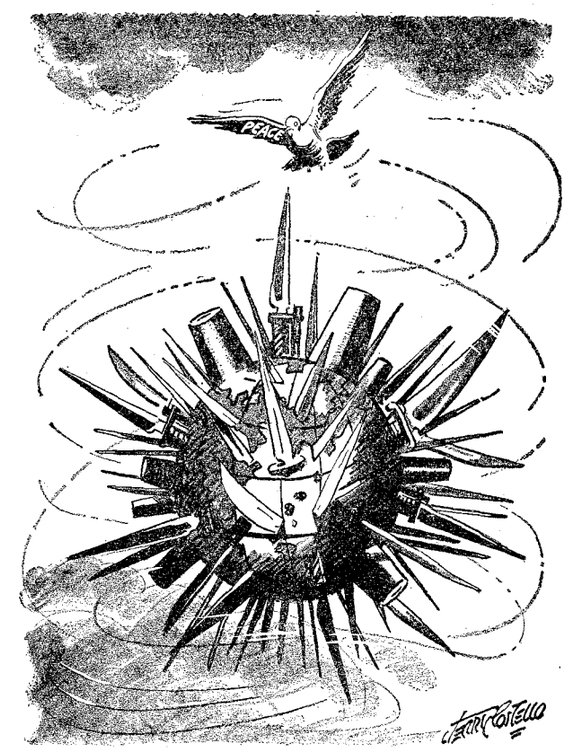
"The simple fact is that the Conference is completely becalmed in a Sargasso Sea of European politics.

"All cooperation and concession is made impossible by distrusts, fears, and rivalries.

"If Europe can reach some agreement on reparations at Lausanne, the deadlock existing here may be broken. Otherwise, to all practical purposes, the Disarmament Conference is over."

Real agreement is impossible, insists Mr. Simonds:

"The thing that Americans must realize, if they are to understand the Conference, is that Europe is so disorganized, and so fevered, that any measure of real agreement is impossible.



But Where's the Landing Field?

—Costello in the Albany "News."

"Distrust, suspicion, and actual fear are rampant.

"Statesmen here simply are repeating their national sentiments and are helpless to modify them under the present state of their own public opinions. This is no conference in any true sense of the word, no meeting of minds, because their minds have been left in safe-deposit boxes at home.

"'I am an optimist,' said one of the greatest League champions and a veteran Foreign Minister, 'but my optimism is limited to the hope that we shall sign here a convention which means nothing toward disarmament, to be sure, but witnesses the fact that we haven't broken up in open hostility.'"

THAT this disillusion is shared at home is indicated by a news dispatch from Washington, voicing the complete skepticism of

Testimonial—"Mr. World Has Been Taking Mars Pills for Centuries and Still Feels Rotten"

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

Representative Fred. A. Britten (Rep., Ill.), who is quoted in the New York *Times:*

"The now assured failure of the Conference to agree on anything but another meeting next year will prolong French military and financial control over Europe indefinitely."

THE "blue-prints for peace" presented at Geneva, the New Haven *Courier-Journal* points out, fall roughly into two sections: France and her satellites on one side, and the rest of the world on the other. P. J. Philip, foreign-born correspondent of the New York *Times*, likewise finds Geneva delegates separating into the two camps, one championing Mr. Tardieu's proposal for a League police force, the other supporting the American nine-point program. Mr. Philip points out a single unanimity:

"Virtually the only two matters on which it can be claimed there is complete unanimity are that bacteriological warfare must never be permitted and that in future wars there must be protection for civil populations from air bombs and gas."

A LARGE section of the American press, however, refuses to give up hope of world peace and eventual disarmament. "Any gain is a big gain at Geneva," stanchly proclaims the San Francisco *Chronicle.* And across the continent, the Newark *Evening News* concludes that the Conference is a success "if it arrives anywhere at all and gets the nations to agree on any concessions whatsoever." And in the South, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* points out the changing ideal since the beginning of this century. This daily finds special hope in the programs of Italy and the United States:

"They have talked of reduction in practical terms and in a manner which leaves little doubt of their sincerity.

"Three years ago they balked at any suggestion that they even confer on this subject.

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"Ten years ago they were not even thinking of doing so.

"Twenty years ago they would have regarded any one of the programs announced in Geneva as either a visionary's dream or a pacifist's plot.

"To-day they discuss such measures as a matter of course and of common necessity. In that circumstance is hope."

EVEN the hard-hitting Philadelphia *Record* confesses that new hope may arise from the ashes of failure:

"Disarmament, tho it may be doubtful now, is certain later. The diplomats make the gestures. But new forces in humanity pull the strings. In those new forces lies assurance for the future."

Likewise, the New York *Evening Post* insists, the battle for world peace can not ethically be abandoned: "The Conference has started something which must be finished."

The various "blueprints for peace," as submitted to the Disarmament Conference by the delegates of the leading Powers, are thus summarized by the International News Service in the Hearst newspapers:

"UNITED STATES: Prolongation of the Washington and London naval treaties with inclusion of France and Italy in the latter pact; proportional reduction from figures stipulated in both treaties; abolition of submarines, lethal gases and bacteriological warfare; formulation of measures to protect civilians from air bombardment; special restrictions for tanks and heavy mobile guns; computation of armed forces on the basis of effectives necessary for internal order plus some suitable contingent for defense, and limitation of all military expenditures.

"GREAT BRITAIN: Limitation of estimates as to what forces and weapons are necessary for defense; abolition of chemical warfare, gas, submarines, and aerial bombardment; international agreement restricting the size of ships and caliber of guns.

"JAPAN: Reduction of size of battleships and gun caliber; retention of submarines with restriction on their use; reduction of aircraft carrier tonnage with willingness to consider abolition of this type craft; strict limitation on use of all types of war vessels; prohibition of air bombardment and use of poison gas; adoption of international disarmament with assurances that national safety will not be impaired.

"FRANCE: Arming of the League of Nations by creating an international police force with the League having at its disposal all heavy bombing planes, heavy artillery, vessels carrying guns of more than eight-inch caliber and all submarines over a certain tonnage to be fixed; the League also to have the right to call upon civil aircraft in time of emergency.

"ITALY: Abolition of capital ships, submarines, and aircraft carriers, of all heavy artillery and tanks; of bombing aircraft; of chemical and bacteriological warfare; revision of laws to insure complete and effective protection to civilian population.

"GERMANY: General disarmament for all nations according to the same principle 'which would create an equal measure of security for all peoples.' The German thesis was the only one rejecting the draft convention of the preparatory disarmament commission as a starting point for practical work."

To these should be added:

"RUSSIA: Total disarmament, including destruction of most aggressive types of weapons, including tanks and super-heavy and long-range artillery, ships of more than ten thousand tons displacement, naval artillery of more than twelve-inch caliber and aircraft carriers, military dirigibles, heavy bombing planes, air bombs, and all apparatus for chemical, incendiary and bacteriological warfare; progressive proportional method recommended as most equitable for armament reduction."

The Lad Just Seems to Grow and Grow—
—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

Why We Must Be Taxed Still More

BEFORE THE POPPING EYES OF HIS TAILOR, as he is being measured for a new suit of clothes, the bulging customer grows to gigantic proportions.

And as he seeks to cut out coat, trousers, and waistcoat for this expanding young fellow, the tailor discovers his cloth is shrinking in about the same proportion.

No fairy-tale this, no incident out of the topsy-turvy world of Alice in Wonderland, but bitter, staggering, statistical fact, translated into this graphic imagery by *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), in order to make our national tax crisis clear to minds unable to navigate comfortably in the atmosphere of billions.

That bulging, balloon-like giant, says the Boston daily, is none other than "Mr. U. S. Deficit," and that amazed tailor, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, now framing a new tax bill, designed to cover the national deficit for the fiscal year of 1933, which begins July 1 next. The "shrinking cloth" is the steadily decreasing revenue from Federal taxes.

Stamina, backbone, and courage are needed by Congress to enact tax bills necessary to control this giant, says Representative Charles R. Crisp (Georgia), acting chairman of the committee now devising means to levy new taxes to meet the financial emergency. These include, he tells us, "some form of general manufactures or sales tax or an excise tax levied on divers and sundry commodities or industries." In an address to Congress, as reported in *The United States Daily*, Mr. Crisp analyzes the crisis:

"At the end of the current fiscal year, July 1, 1932, $2,100,000,000 will be added to your national debt, and that is provided you do not increase expenditures and appropriations.

"It is estimated that at the end of the fiscal year 1933, unless $1,240,000,000 additional is collected from taxes, your budget will not be balanced, and it is estimated it will take $1,240,000,000 of new revenue to balance your budget by 1933, and that is not counting the $497,000,000 required for public-debt retirement. If you put that in, it is $1,700,000,000 plus.

"That is the picture, and I say this with no partizanship, for there will be no partizanship in the preparation of this bill.

"To-day this is not a political question. It is a condition, and I for one, and my colleagues on that committee, place country above party, and we are here ready to work for the good of all in an attempt to balance the budget."

PRESS interest focuses on the possibility of a general sales tax, widely advocated by the Hearst group of papers, disapproved by the liberal Scripps-Howard chain, and frowned upon in the "four-year Presidential plan" (published in *The Nation*) of the new League for Independent Political Action.

Papers like the New York *Journal of Commerce* condemn the general sales tax as "a growing menace."

But the Providence *Journal*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Washington *Post*, and Chicago *Daily News*, argue that, as an emergency measure, the sale tax is fair, feasible, and effective.

Denying that the sales tax is an untested experiment, the Springfield *Republican* points out that:

"Canada has obtained since 1920 from one-eighth to one-quarter of its total tax revenue from a general sales tax."

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America Judges Her New Judge

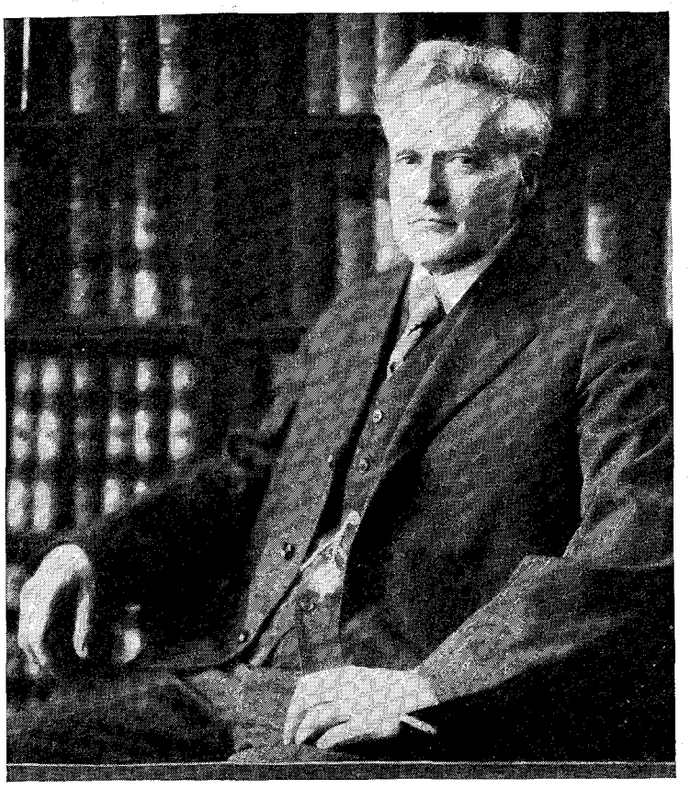
A SPARE MAN WITH A SLIGHT STOOP, white, unruly hair, a high-bridged nose, blue eyes, and a firm jaw hears the entire country cheering his name. Up he goes to the highest post an American lawyer can win—to the United States Supreme Court, taking the place left vacant by the recent resignation of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Astonishing phenomenon in a land where almost every appointment finds at least a few hostile critics, this elevation of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, Jew, Democrat, and Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, is greeted with a tremendous outburst of approval in which there seems to be no note of dissent.

It "merits a nation-wide thunder of applause," declares the Philadelphia *Record*, and that is what it is receiving. America judges her new judge as a man of the highest caliber.

Recognized for years as the foremost jurist in New York, and considered by many observers as one of the greatest legal intellects America has produced, Judge Cardozo "reads Latin and Greek for pleasure," as one might have supposed; but also, adds the United Press, "he likes the animal pictures in the movies."

"All the praise that has come to him has left Judge Cardozo a modest man," says the *Herald Tribune*—



International

"America's Most Beloved and Admired Judge"

Benjamin N. Cardozo, appointed by President Hoover to the United States Supreme Court.

"He smiles shyly when he is greeted as he walks up the hill in Albany from the Ten Eyck Hotel to the Court of Appeals. He is a spare man with a slight stoop, almost fragile in appearance, and his hair is white.

"As Chief Judge, Judge Cardozo brought the calendar of the Court of Appeals up to date, and has kept it there. The unhurried but clocklike work of the court has become one of the wonders of Albany. The court sits from October to June, the sessions lasting about three weeks at a time.

"The Chief Judge frequently has been described as 'monkish in his habits.' He arises in his hotel room at 6 o'clock, and is at his desk at 7:30. At 9 the court goes into conference. At 1 it dines in a body. When there are cases to be heard, it sits at 2. At 7 the court dines in a body. By 8:30 the Chief Judge is usually back at his desk, where he works until 10:30.

"In New York Judge Cardozo has lived for many years at 16 West Seventy-fifth Street, in an old-fashioned four-story house with old-fashioned furnishings. In the summer he goes regularly to a rented house on the Jersey coast. He is a bachelor.

"Judge Cardozo takes no exercise except short walks. His colleagues on the bench once issued an ultimatum he must play golf or stay off the bench. He tried golf for a week, and gave it up. He finds his recreation in reading and writing."

NOT a law-school graduate, the same sketch tells us, Judge Cardozo, now sixty-one, studied liberal arts at Columbia University in New York City, where he was born, and at nineteen received his A.B. degree, and his A.M. a year later. In the following year he passed the State bar examinations.

Soon he became known as a "lawyers' lawyer," because of his ability to disentangle involved problems. In the first case he argued before the Court of Appeals he won the praise of the judges. For the last eighteen years he has been a member of that bench, the last six years as Chief Judge. It is interesting to note that his elevation to the Supreme Court means a $2,500 cut salary. He received $22,500 as Chief Judge; he will now get $20,000.

"Cardozo's writing has been praised as outstanding for its clarity and beauty," notes the United Press, and we are reminded that he is the author of several books and many essays. These writings reveal him as an ardent admirer of ex-Justice Holmes, "the great liberal," whose place he now takes. It is said that social justice is of more concern to Judge Cardozo than precedents.

"Property, like liberty," he once said, "tho immune under the Constitution from destruction, is not immune from legislation for the common good."

Judge Cardozo, adds the United Press, "approaches his judging with humility."

HIGH praise for President Hoover for making this appointment, and thus preserving the five-to-four "liberal-conservative" division of the Supreme Court, is voiced by many papers which rarely have a good word for Mr. Hoover. They are quick to point out, too, that the President ignored geographical considerations to name a third New Yorker to the highest bench. Mark Sullivan, noted Washington correspondent, tells us something about the problem:

"The country-wide search conducted by President Hoover for the best possible man found many excellent judges. It found many qualified to go on the Supreme bench. It found many men as able as those who have in the past served on the Supreme bench. It developed clearly, however, by a kind of universal common consent, that Judge Cardozo stands in a class by himself. Formal and informal suggestions of lists of available men practically always put Cardozo first."

SENATE response to the Cardozo appointment was enthusiastic, we read. In the past, the Progressives have not hesitated to challenge the President's nominations, but, in this case, "all factions were quick with praise for the appointment."

As a sort of key-note for the thousands of tributes, George Z. Medalie, United States Attorney at New York, said:

"Judge Cardozo is the most beloved and admired judge in America. He has helped change the flow of legal thought into channels of reality."

Typical of the editorial comment is that of the Philadelphia *Record*, already quoted, which says that "a friend of all classes has been put in a position where he can protect the rights of all classes."

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"De-deflation," "Un-deflation"--not Inflation

"THINK WHAT HE COULD DO if he would use both sides of his mouth!"

That's what President Wilson once said about Carter Glass, referring to the Virginian's odd habit of talking out of one corner of it.

And Mr. Glass can talk when aroused. He has been called "a snapping turtle." He has no use for alcohol, tobacco, or exercise.

But Senator Glass is the great Washington expert on the

Old Mother Hubbard

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

Federal Reserve System which he helped to frame. For months, newspaper readers may recall, Mr. Glass had been working on a bill for permanent improvement of the Reserve System. But now he stops in the middle of this big job, after talking it over with the President, and puts all his strength behind temporary legislation to loosen up some of the Reserve System regulations so as to make things easier for the banks loaded up with those frozen assets, and to ease the currency situation at the same time.

"I have heard myself accused of statesmanship and—have liked it," Senator Glass once confessed. And now he hears that accusation again as the banking world and the press of the country applaud this new credit plan which the President and Republicans and Democrats in Congress have all joined in pushing through.

PEOPLE back of the bill simply won't call it inflation. And that starts a lot of talk.

If increasing the supply of bank credit and making it easier to turn out new currency isn't inflation, what is it? we are asked. The Baltimore *Evening Sun* doesn't think that anybody is going to take the trouble to speak of the new policy by such official phrases as "adjustment of the currency," "easing the credit situation," "thawing frozen assets," "a move to arrest the surge of credit deflation," and then we have a lot of words like counter-deflation, de-deflation, un-deflation.

Well, remarks *The Christian Science Monitor*, "if this be inflation, make the most of it!"

Almost everybody has a good word for the law, some cautiously insisting that it is purely an emergency measure, like administering a stimulating poison at a crisis in a serious illness, while others think that the changes should be made permanent. And to balance against those who are afraid of this word inflation, there are editors who declare that inflation is just what the country needs at the present stage of the game, and that the only trouble with the new measure is that it doesn't give us a big enough dose.

WHAT is this change that Carter Glass has been pushing through the Senate, and Representative Steagall has been sponsoring in the House? We'll have to admit, right off, that it's all rather technical.

There are two sides to it.

To take the borrowing side first, member banks of the Federal Reserve System may get cash under the present law from the Reserve banks only on certain particular kinds of commercial paper called "eligible." The law sets down in black and white just what kind of paper is eligible. This includes notes, drafts, and bills of exchange for not more than ninety days, arising out of actual commercial transactions and also paper secured by government securities. An exception is made for agricultural paper by giving it a nine-months maturity.

Now, it is well known that many banks are tied up by loans made for permanent or fixt investments. They can not get the money on notes representing these loans from the Federal Reserve banks. And it is pretty hard to get it anywhere else. So here are the banks hard up for cash, which makes depositors suspicious; and in order to keep liquid, they are afraid to make new loans. And naturally they hang on to their "eligible" paper for emergency use.

The new bill meets this situation in two ways. First, it allows individual banks—there is a one-year limit on all this legislation—to make what are called "Lombard" loans. That is, they may borrow on non-eligible paper, "in exceptional and exigent circumstances," from the Reserve banks. Then there is an arrangement by which five banks may join together to borrow from the Reserve banks on their non-eligible assets by joint endorsement. In both cases banks must exhaust their eligible assets before borrowing.

THE other part of the law is even more technical and changes the arrangement for the actual issuance of currency—Federal Reserve notes. *The Wall Street Journal's* Washington correspondent gives us this explanation:

"The Federal Reserve Act requires a 40 per cent. gold reserve against the issuance of notes. Sixty per cent. may be in eligible paper. At the present time, notes in round figures total $2,900,000,000. The gold reserve is roughly $2,000,000,000 and the eligible paper only $900,000,000. In other words the gold coverage instead of being 40 per cent. is nearly 80 per cent.

"Through a combination of extraordinary circumstances, there is a shortage of eligible paper and an excess of gold. Under present requirements, an increase in eligible paper can come about only by increased discounting on part of member banks, and these banks have not wanted to increase their indebtedness at the Federal Reserve.

"The new bill proposes to increase the supply of eligible paper. By authority of the Federal Reserve Board the Reserve banks would be allowed to use their assets, mostly government securities, as eligible paper. This increase in the availability of eligible paper would immediately free gold which is now tied up as collateral for note issues. Roughly, there would be created the basis for a possible increase of $2,000,000,000 in currency."

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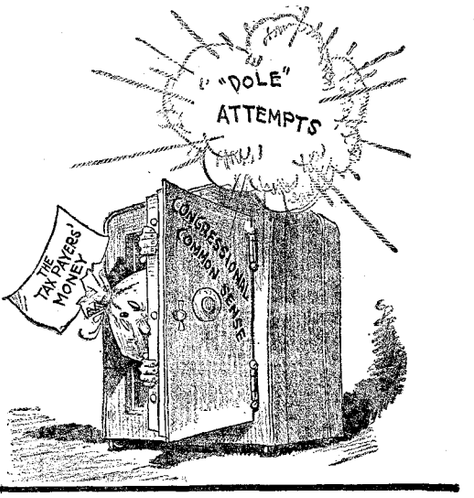
Why All This Favoritism?

—Smith in the San Francisco "Examiner."



Another Bombardment Begins

—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

FOR AND AGAINST FEDERAL FUNDS FOR THE JOBLESS

Senatorial Rage Over the "Hunger Bill"

BLOOD OOZES FROM HIS HAND as the smallest man in the Senate, roaring in debate, hammers a desk so hard with his fist that he cracks a knuckle. But he stays in the fight, gesturing with a hand wrapt in a blood-stained handkerchief.

His short and stocky opponent, with face pale and hair flying, thunders back at him in one of the liveliest conflicts of the session.

"Visibly angry and at times breathless," Senator Borah, Idaho Progressive, and Senator Fess, Republican National Chairman, "faced each other for almost three hours, exchanging a flow of sarcasm and caustic remarks" as they debated the "hunger bill"—the La Follette-Costigan measure to give the States $375,000,000 of Federal funds for direct aid to the jobless.

The usually placid Senator Fess, adds Franklyn Waltman, Jr., in the Baltimore *Sun*, "became so ardent in his assault on the relief measure that he split a knuckle rapping his desk."

Seldom has the Senate been so aroused, the correspondents tell us, and when the time came for a show-down, forty-eight members combined to defeat the bill by a majority of thirteen. Twenty-seven Republicans lined up with twenty-one Democrats against the bill, while fifteen Republicans, nineteen Democrats, and the Farmer-Labor member voted for it.

Bitterly assailing the bill as the first step toward "a dole system in this country," Senator Fess "refused to concede that any necessity had been demonstrated for Federal aid, holding that private philanthropy and the tax resources of the local governments first should take care of the situation." Then Senator Borah went into action, Mr. Waltman writes:

"The Idaho Progressive, his hair disheveled and his face unusually pale, shouted at the Republican Chairman that 'the flag of any government which will not protect its people is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it flies.'"

IN another flaming passage the Idahoan declared:

"I do not think it is an exaggeration to say it is doubtful whether the World War entailed greater misery and agony of heart and mind than is found in this great army of the unemployed.

"Tell me what authority there is for taking $500,000,000 from the Treasury to resuscitate frozen financial institutions, and I shall tell you what authority there is to take money from the Treasury to rescue suffering and dying children."

The Borah-Fess debate occurred, we read, two days after the powerful American Federation of Labor threw its influence on the side of the La Follette-Costigan measure.

Less dramatic, tho equally vehement, was the argument of foes of the La Follette-Costigan bill. Fearing the establishment of a dangerous precedent, they insisted that direct Federal aid should be given only as a last resort, after the States have exhausted their own resources.

But supporters of the LaFollette-Costigan measure declare that the bill's defeat does not mean an end to their efforts to obtain direct Federal aid for the jobless.

"This issue of the preservation of human life in America is irrepressible," asserted Senator La Follette, Wisconsin Progressive, in a final appeal for his bill. "It will not down."

Climaxing a fight that has extended over two years, with the Hoover Administration stedfastly opposing a "dole," the La Follette-Costigan measure was framed, we read, after prolonged studies of the country's economic condition.

Public hearings were held by Senator La Follette, who also sent a questionnaire to the heads of 810 cities. The mountain of data that piled up he dropt on the Senate's door-step. It fills 163 pages of *The Congressional Record*.

HIS survey showed, said Senator La Follette, that 305 cities, with a total population of 9,711,000, favor Federal relief, while 215 cities, with an aggregate population of 4,618,000, are opposed. Forty-nine advocate a Federal appropriation to be spent for construction.

A great majority of editors seem relieved over the defeat of the La Follette-Costigan bill.

"Aside from burdening the Treasury with an impossible load," remarks the New York *Herald Tribune*, "it proposed to distribute its resources among the States not according to their needs but on the basis of population." "From every point of view," it adds, "the Senate's rejection of this measure is to be commended."

Speaking for what seems to be a minority among newspapers, the Washington *News*, of the Scripps-Howard chain, accepts the evidence adduced by Senator La Follette, and declares that "the Federal Government should act at once to save its hungry citizens."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

SLOGAN for 1932: Save America first.—*Roanoke World-News.*

THERE are three genders: masculine, feminine, and crooner. —*Milwaukee Leader.*

YOU can't quiet a radical by means of a soft answer. It takes a soft snap.—*Wooster Record.*

JAPAN may yet find out that the longest way to her place in the sun is via Mars.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now all you need do to get Federal aid is to disguise yourself as a corporation or a farmer.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

JAPAN really doesn't want Manchuria. All she wants is the railroads, ports, mines, banks, and business.—*Beaumont Journal.*

BUT if Prohibition causes more drinking, how can repeal increase the quantity of grain used in distilling?—*Spartanburg Herald.*

POOR Europe! She simply can't pay Uncle Sam while keeping herself in condition to lick him.—*El Paso Herald.*

Too many geese that were supposed to lay golden eggs turned out to be geese that laid goose eggs.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

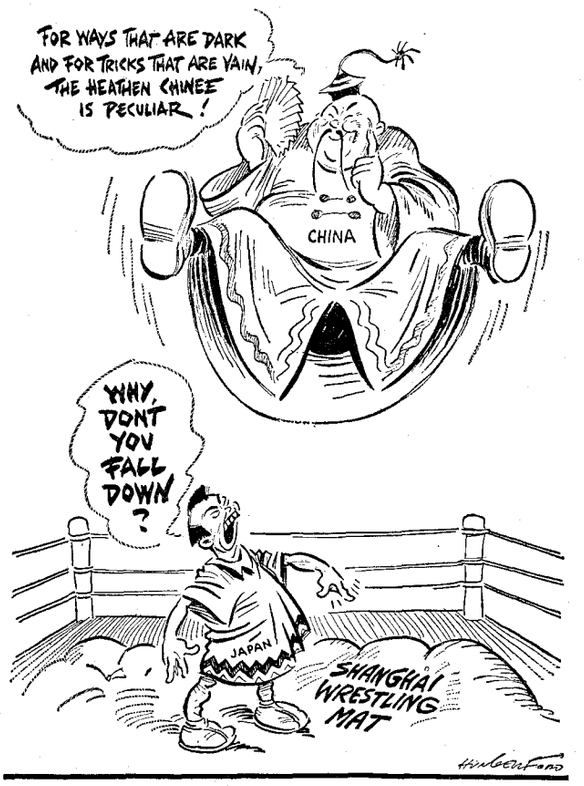
DOCTOR says one's mind may cause indigestion. Before long, unless we get a break, nothing else will.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

THE Chinese aren't so yellow. A Jap racketeer can't make them buy his goods by threatening them with a gun.—*Canton Repository.*

FIRST, the proud Spanish Don; then the proud Prussian officer; now the proud Jap soldier. Pride goeth—— —*New York World-Telegram.*

SECRETARY MELLON is so fond of the English people that he prefers their society to that of a $1,000,000,000 deficit.—*San Diego Union.*

OUR helpful neighbor, THE LITERARY DIGEST, is fixing to solve two national problems: Prohibition and the Post-office deficit.—*The New Yorker.*


FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK AND FOR TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN, THE HEATHEN CHINEE IS PECULIAR!
CHINA
WHY DONT YOU FALL DOWN?
JAPAN
SHANGHAI WRESTLING MAT
HUNGERFORD

Ju-Jutsu

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette."

STATISTICS on the hundreds of speak-easies in New York indicate that up there the times are not out of joints.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE farmer may now expect some splendid news from Washington. Our statesmen are thinking up new ways for him to get in debt.—*The New Yorker.*

IT is stated in a press dispatch that the Federal Farm Board will function indefinitely. Well, that's the way it has been functioning.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

MEMBERS of the Nine-Power Treaty group may request Japan please to make a solemn promise to stop breaking the solemn promise it made ten years ago.—*San Diego Union.*

EVERYBODY speaks hopefully about the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It is believed that General Dawes can cure our ailments just as thoroughly as he cured Germany's.—*The New Yorker.*

PRESS-AGENTS have stopt having movie actresses lose $80,000 necklaces. Even movie fans know that for nearly two years all the $80,000 necklaces have been up as collateral.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

JAPAN'S reply to boycotting seems to be manhandling.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

DISARMAMENT may be only a joke but it is a good one.—*Rote Fahne (Berlin).*

MR. HOOVER asks us not to hoard money, and we won't until we get some, anyhow.—*Dallas News.*

SCIENTISTS now claim that life on earth began in hot water. And it's back in it again.—*Thomaston Times.*

LYING never seems so obnoxious as when the other fellow's witnesses are doing a better job than yours.—*Austin American.*

SOL BLOOM is sending out literature explaining everything about Washington except why he stood up crossing the Delaware.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

A LOT of people are willing to improve economic conditions if it takes everything other people have.—*Manila Bulletin.*

Now that the girls have got fed up on the slenderized silhouette, they're getting fed up again.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

GERMANY'S plight appears to be due to inability to continue borrowing on the strength of what she owes.—*Weston Leader.*

JAPAN'S idea of how to break down sales resistance and make business good is to shoot the ultimate consumer.—*The New Yorker.*

As we understand the situation, Chicago's big problem is how to raise enough money to tide the police over until Capone gets out of jail.—*Judge.*

GERMANY says that she is misunderstood by America. How we wish we had misunderstood her when she was asking for all those loans!—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

GANDHI has gained two pounds in prison, and Mr. Hoover has lost twenty-seven pounds in the White House. The Germans refuse to worry about debts, and Germany's creditors walk the floor at night. What a world, what a world!—*New York Times.*

AN inventor is trying to perfect an auto that will run equally as well on land and on water. We've seen some like that. They wouldn't run on land.—*Thomaston Times.*

THE United States guarantees to protect American lives and property in Shanghai. This will make Shanghai look good to a lot of people in New York and Chicago.—*San Diego Union.*

ONE great goal of science, declares a speaker at an insurance convention, is to increase the expectancy of life. Another clever trick these days is to live on with nothing to live on.—*Boston Herald.*

THE King of Italy would prefer to be known as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. And still Charley Curtis, who holds the corresponding position here, seems content with his title. —*Detroit News.*

PRESIDENTIAL candidates are trying to take all the controversial issues out of politics. We are pleased to note this tendency to get down to the fundamental question: Who will get the jobs?—*The New Yorker.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

China's Open Door in a Japanese Typhoon

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA, pivotal American policy in the Far East, has been slamming and banging in perilous winds ever since Japan set out last September to enforce what it claims as treaty rights in Manchuria.

To Japan, with her poor resources and huge industrial population, Manchuria is life or death. So the Japanese say.

Japanese investments in Manchuria are estimated at more than $1,000,000,000, writes a Far East authority, O. M. Green, in the London *Daily Telegraph*. This former editor of *The North China Daily News* (Shanghai) affords a timely survey of the beginnings of the China-Japan conflict which brought the war-ships of four Western nations to Shanghai, that international mart popularly known as "the New York of China."

Better to understand the course of events there, we follow Mr. Green in his exploration of the Manchurian field, and also in China proper. First of all, he calls attention to Japanese wealth and Japanese population in Manchuria where—

"Besides the South Manchuria Railway and the valuable Fushun coal-mines, with an annual output of 7,000,000 tons, there are over 1,000 Japanese companies, with an aggregate capital of £57,854,000 engaged in farming, mining, commerce, industry, and transport.

"The Japanese population in Manchuria is not above 100,000.

"Japanese are unwilling emigrants, and will not demean themselves to manual labor alongside the Chinese coolies. Of the latter there is no stint, especially in view of the huge tide of Chinese emigration from the war-troubled fields of Northern China. But this fact adds to the irritation of Chinese politicians, and obviously makes it easier for them to hit at Japan by stirring up labor troubles."

A Canadian View

The dangerous Far East hit-and-run driver.

—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

Now all the time that Japan has been worrying over how she is to support her enormous population, whose surplus is barred from settlement in various countries of the world, China has been disrupted by political dissension at home. The struggle to set China's republican Ship of State on an even keel since the overthrow of the Manchu Empire has been long and heartbreaking.

What is more, it has made ramshackle China a vulnerable point for needy Japan, with its well-organized Imperial Government, having a stout understructure of military force and authority.

The Japanese Army and Navy, it is often noted, have direct access to the Emperor, independently of the Cabinet in power. Thus while to some it looks as if the militarists in Japan were running away with the Government on a joy ride in Manchuria, fundamentally they have the backing of the supreme arbiter in Japanese affairs.

And while Japan was marching through Manchuria on a mission of safeguarding Japanese interests, and China was torn to pieces with home broils, all the Western world has been sunk in the semicoma of financial and economic crisis.

In desperation at the seeming impotence of the League of Nations to help it, China put into effect against Japan its deadly weapon of boycott. It is China's most ancient arm, remarks Mr. Green in the London *Daily Telegraph*, and "no one who has not suffered from it can realize its deadliness." But only in recent years have boycotts and strikes—the two always go together—been regularly employed against a foreign nation with which China has had a dispute, and Mr. Green informs us further:

"The first boycott of modern times was against America in 1905, after the passing of the American Asiatic exclusion laws. But the Chinese Government wanted to keep on good terms with the United States, and the boycotters were suppressed in a few weeks, tho not till they had done much damage.

"The anti-Japanese boycott of 1919 (due to Japan's retention, under the Versailles Treaty, of Germany's rights in Shantung), which dragged on for nearly two years, doing Japan's trade frightful harm, really set the standard for all subsequent outbreaks.

"Then for the first time the body of modern students stood out and claimed to lead the nation, as the old classically trained scholars had done; and ever since, tho most of them are mere boys, they have been in the forefront of every agitation.

"In the past ten years strikes and boycotts have become almost endemic.

"To name only the biggest: The Hongkong strike and boycott in 1921, directed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Government at Canton, when, as ship after ship arrived at Hongkong, the crews mysteriously vanished, and for many weeks all foreigners had to do their own cooking and cleaning; the terrific anti-British boycott in 1925, due to the shooting of riotous students in Shanghai; the anti-Japanese boycott, following the clash at Tsinanfu in 1928, which lasted for a year; and innumerable local boycotts.

"Only this summer Canton has been boycotting German trade all through South China, on the ground that Germany had supplied arms to its enemies in Nanking."

HERE is a picture of what happens when the boycott is declared, as Mr. Green paints it:

"One's helplessness is almost the worst part.

"Without a word, one's servants walk out, office staffs and laborers vanish, transport ceases. Few workers really wish to stop work, but Chinese are so timid, so wholly subservient to mass dictation, that they dare not disobey.

"One can never get in touch with the real boycott leaders, who are away behind the scenes, some of them, undoubtedly, politicians in high position. The boycott organization is now so

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perfect that it can be set in motion at a touch. The Government can not control it, even if it would.

"One important factor is the immense profit made by the agitators, ransacking the Chinese shops for 'enemy goods,' and exacting enormous fines from the owners.

"Japan's investments of £52,000,000 in China proper include over twenty banks, £23,000,000 in cotton mills, £5,700,000 in shipping, and small shops innumerable.

"I can picture them now, the 40,000 mill hands gone, factories silent, ships tied up, banks and business houses deserted and dead, and the Japanese, brave people tho they are, trembling behind barred doors."

The bitterness between China and Japan became acute about four years ago, when a Japanese Army at Tsinanfu, in Shantung, blocked the Nanking Army's advance on Pekin.

The next stage of conflict, it seems, came in the autumn of 1928, when China was concluding new commercial treaties with all the Powers.

China insisted that the Japanese treaty had lapsed, and with it—this being the real crux—Japan's extraterritorial rights, but, it is related:

"The wrangle continued until May, 1930, when a new treaty was signed. But Japan sticks to her extraterritorial rights; she has refused to discuss the abolition of them, as Great Britain and, to some extent, America have been doing, and has intimated plainly that, if need be, she will use force to defend them.

"New disputes arose. Early last July a number of Korean settlers in Kirin, the central province of Manchuria, were attacked by Chinese farmers, and many of them killed, in a dispute over some irrigation works. Koreans, of course, are Japanese subjects, and Japanese troops were sent to the rescue. Anti-Chinese riots ensued in Korea, with nearly 100 Chinese killed.

"Angry notes were in full tide between Nanking and Tokyo over this incident, when came the murder of Captain Nakamura in Mongolia. Nanking's flat denial that he had ever been seen near the place of the outrage, and, in swift sequence, the explosion at Mukden."

Acme photograph

A Premier's Lot

Is not a happy one in Newfoundland where an unemployed mob stormed the Government Council Chamber and handled Sir Richard Squires brutally.

Now Tokyo press cables say Manchuria and Mongolia are to be independent republics,

But the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy are not concerned so much about Manchuria, where the policy of the great Powers seems to be, to the Chinese at least, "too benevolently tolerant." The Western nations have been alarmed over Shanghai and the menace to the Open Door.

The doctrine of the Open Door, first set forth in 1899 by America's then Secretary of State, John Hay, is the corner-stone of Western interests in China. Its purpose, as everybody knows, is to keep the door open for trade by all nations and to preserve Chinese territorial and administrative integrity.

It is generally felt that Japan has no objection to keeping the door open in China, but as Wickham Steed advises us in the London *Sunday Times*, "somebody has prophesied that Japan will agree to keep the door open, but will fill the doorway with so many Japanese that nobody else can pass through."

This disquiets the United States and Britain, as well as Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and Mr. Steed adds:

"We usually think of the United States of America as a country that looks toward Europe, and has New York as its front door. The truth is that the United States, like Canada (which is a British Dominion), looks two ways, eastward toward Europe and westward across the Pacific to China and Japan. One day San Francisco, which is now the back door of the United States, may be its front door; and Vancouver, in British Columbia, which is the back door of Canada, may be the Canadian front door."

Fury of Newfoundland's Starving

STRUCK IN THE FACE and generally manhandled in his office by a mob of unemployed, Prime Minister Sir Richard Squires of St. John's, Newfoundland, was forced to order larger food rations for those on the dole.

Outside the Council Chamber a mob of nearly 2,000 men and women milled round in the street with angry threats and imprecations.

The leaders fought their way past the police guards, invaded the Premier's office, and threatened to throw Sir Richard out of a third-floor window if he failed to increase their rations.

He attempted to reason with them, say St. John's dispatches, but was cut short by blows. Pieces of broken window-glass were hurled at him. When he attempted to escape, he was seized by the collar and legs and held captive until he consented to telephone to the Dole Office that the demonstrators should be given increased food supplies at once.

Banisters were torn from the stairs in the Government Building, and plate-glass windows of doors and windows smashed before the police finally succeeded in restoring order.

About 20 per cent. of the population is receiving the dole, it appears, which is now about $1.60 per month for each adult, and eight cents for each child. There has been no fuel allowance. The monthly expenditure at present is given in press reports as approximately $140,000.

It is estimated, according to a Canadian Press dispatch from St. John's, that 1,200 families of that city are on the Government's list for rations, while the number receiving rations in the Dominion is estimated at 50,000. We read then:

"Under the present system, the Government authorizes the following rations for each adult per month: twenty-one pounds of flour, two yeast-cakes, one pound of fat-back pork, two pounds rolled oats, two gallons potatoes, three pounds cabbage, two and one-half pounds salt fish, three pounds sugar, one pound butter, two pounds pea beans."

CABLES to THE LITERARY DIGEST from St. John's show the independent *Telegram* in this mood:

"No one who saw the crowd gathered in front of the court-house but must have been impress by the orderly spirit displayed. They were serious men who felt they had a grievance that should be heard, and they had come to state that grievance before the authorities.

"It was ill-advised, indeed, to fail to give them a hearing. Such a course would have saved them remaining for hours in the open.'

An Opposition newspaper's editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, that of *The Daily News*, expresses regret at the action of the unemployed in resorting to force. But it adds:

"At the same time, yesterday's events might have been avoided had the cause of the applicants been fairly heard and met by some attempt to deal with their showing that the ration was inadequate, and the indignation of the men because of the continual postponement is understandable."

More severe is the criticism of the St. John's *Watchman:*

"The whole unfortunate affair was brought about by the callous indifference of the Prime Minister, and his pig-headed refusal to meet the committee and talk over ways and means, even after the repeated warning that the crowd was in no mood to be trifled with."

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"WILL JAPAN KEEP THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA, BUT FILL THE DOORWAY WITH JAPANESE?"

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Britain's Big Birth Slump

THE LOWEST BIRTH-RATE ever recorded for England and Wales.

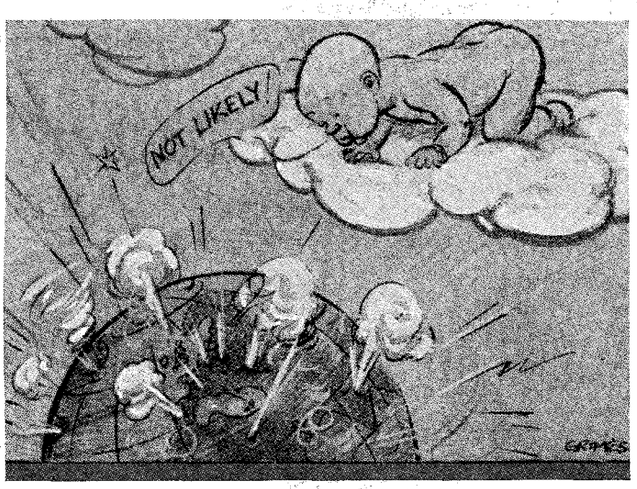
That is what is shown in provisional official figures given out by the General Register Office at Somerset House, London.

The surprizing decline to 15.8 births per thousand, moreover, gives England one of the lowest rates in Europe.

In Italy, the rate is 26 per thousand; in France it is 18; and in Germany, 17.5, we learn from London United Press dispatches.

According to the report, the low birth-rate is due to late and infertile marriages in the professional and skilled-labor classes.

But what astonishes the London *Morning Post* more is that at the same time the death-rate has risen, and it remarks:



Britain's Birth Slump in Cartoon

A wise child knows better than to get off at a place like this. —"The Star" (London).

"The exact difference between the statistics for 1930 and 1931 was a decline of 0.5 per thousand. This was the extent of the decline from the previous low record, which was noted in 1929 and 1930.

"The death-rate has risen by 0.9 from the 1930 figure. The infant mortality rate is six per thousand higher than that of 1930.

"Birth- and death-rates per 1,000 of the total population during 1931 were as follows:

	Birth-rate.	*Death-rate.*
England and Wales	15.8	12.3
107 county boroughs and great towns, including London	16.1	12.3
159 smaller towns (population from 20,000 to 50,000 in 1921)	15.6	11.3
London	15.0	12.6

"The birth-rate as a whole falls well below what was once regarded as the limit of decline—the rates of the war years, 1917 and 1918. These figures were 17.8 and 17.7 respectively."

SOME idea of the sharp drop may be had when we recall that in 1870 the birth-rate in England and Wales was 35.5 per thousand of the population, and in 1900, 25.5 per thousand. The London *Observer* offers expert opinion from A. L. Bowley, Professor of Statistics in the University of London, who says:

"The rate for 1931 is only just sufficient to preserve the population of Great Britain at its present level unless the death-rate falls. The effect, however, of the fall in the birth-rate has been mitigated by the very considerable reduction in infant mortality.

"Whereas of a thousand children born in 1901, 146 died within a year, in 1930 only 62 died, and in 1931, 66.

"Since 1921 the death-rate has not varied greatly for the population as a whole, altho the rates for most age groups have fallen in recent decades.

"The increasing proportion of elderly people has kept the rate up, and in the coming decades the rate will continue to rise from this cause, so that in the near future it may be expected that the birth- and death-rates will be equal, and the population cease to grow, even supposing there is no increase in emigration."

FEWER births now, fewer mothers to-morrow—so the evil grows.

This ominous thought is hinted as Professor Bowley points in *The Observer* to the statistical factor that the number of potential young mothers will be fewer as the children born in the war and subsequent years mature. Women aged twenty-two in 1939 will be the survivors of the small number of births in 1917, and so on, according to Professor Bowley, who continues:

"If, then, the number of children born per marriage does not increase, a further decline in the number of births is inevitable.

"At present the number of births in a year in Great Britain (about 710,000) is very little more than twice the number of marriages in 1930 (about 348,000). It is evident that unless more than two children are born per marriage, the population must decrease.

"Looking at other countries, we find that a fall in the birth-rate has occurred in all the important European nations since 1910, but at very different rates. Thus in Germany the rate has fallen from about 29 to 17½, from 1911 to 1930; in Italy from about 32 to about 26; and in France only from 19 to 18 (the actual figures for recent years being: 1928, 18.3; 1929, 17.7; and 1930, 18.1).

"In 1929, the deaths in France actually exceeded the births. In 1930, the population of France increased about 2½ per thousand, as compared with Great Britain's 5 per thousand, and Germany's 6½.

"With regard to Great Britain, the actual number of births per annum exceeded a million in the decade before the war, and is now down to 710,000, and consequently the young adult male population aged eighteen to thirty (too young to have been decimated by the war) has increased considerably and will increase still further. The relief to the labor market is felt so far only with regard to boys and girls under sixteen."

France and Germany Geneva Foes

THE cloud of Franco-German enmity smothers all attempts at good-will by the nations gathered at Geneva for disarmament purposes.

Berlin and Paris are still at deadlock charge both German and some Austrian editors, who claim that French policy is aimed at the prevention of any economic, political, or diplomatic revival of the Reich.

It is manifest, declares the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, that the Americans, the British, and the Italians are far more disposed to meet Germany half-way than are the French.

This bitter foe of France adds, with a sneer, that the French are "involved in the economic crisis of mankind only to the extent that they will contribute nothing to its general solution."

Big battalions, guns of large and small caliber, trained reserves, and all such, may be talked about at the Disarmament Conference, cynically remarks the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* but the tone and the temper of the meeting are set by the clash over reparations and the fresh feud between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay. As this Vienna daily looks at Geneva now, it is moved to say:

"Here is America, angrily striking the table with her fist, and declaring that between reparations and debts there can be no connection. Until Europe has restored order in the field of her frictions, there can be no support of the old world by the new.

"This proposition is certainly splendid in theory. A question occurs. Will the processes of European reform be consummated with such a speed as is demanded? Will the grim gentlemen in Washington be persuaded that Europe has laid aside the old Adam? Will not the task be too difficult? And can it be achieved before the American Presidential election in November?

"If the improvement does not happen, if the heroic remedy fails, if the patient be not made over speedily into a new man, how will Europe ever survive so terrific a contest and all the shocks precipitated by such a clash?"

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Paderewski's Great Heart

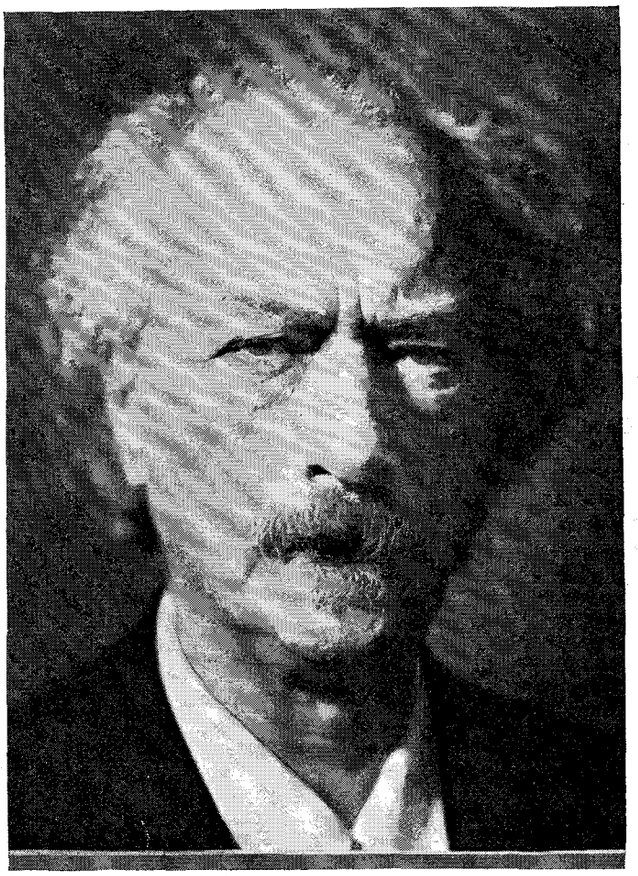
PADEREWSKI PLAYED THE PIANO from nine o'clock till midnight for the benefit of his unemployed brother musicians.

Sixteen thousand people listened without sign of inattention to these outpourings of the wizard, in the Madison Square Garden, more associated with boxing and wrestling, rodeos and circus.

The amphitheater was filled with fashion, the galleries above showed serried heads and, high up, back of the last row, was a continuous line of standees.

Such a recital is set down as unique in musical history, and the gesture of the great artist is gratefully commemorated by the music critics.

"Like most interpretative artists of inflammable imagination and spiritual consciousness," writes Laurence Gilman in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "Mr. Paderewski has the faculty of rising to the level of great occasions, esthetic or human; the ability to give most when most is needed."



Courtesy of the N. B. C. Artists Service

"Hire the Madison Square Garden"

Said Paderewski on arriving in America, "and I'll give a concert for unemployed musicians." He paid his own way in.

MR. GILMAN pays tribute to the master musician of our times:

"The implications of last night's occasion must have stirred deeply his sensitive sympathies and his vivid imagination; and, perhaps, he was not unaware, simple and modest tho he is, of the extraordinary atmosphere of veneration and affection which surrounded him, the quickening currents of responsiveness generated by that enormous throng who hung upon every movement of his fingers, and were held by every nuance that they evoked.

"Mr. Paderewski has often seemed to be in revolt against the natural limitations of the piano, as if he would compel its throat to be an orchestra's, myriad-voiced and thunderous.

"But last evening he was, perhaps, most unforgetably personal when he disclosed himself as intimately in harmony with his medium, accepting and sublimating its limitations—in, for example, his exquisite voicing of Chopin's cantilena in the slow movement of the Sonata.

"Yet, no one last evening was deprived of those famous moments which are generally yielded by Mr. Paderewski nowadays —those moments when he becomes the bardic rhapsodist, filled with some urgent Ossianic fervor; or when he seems kin to the *uomo terribile* of the Renaissance as he flings his spirit against the ivory walls of that prisoning tower which often seems to constrain and cramp his far-sweeping imagination.

"Who else can play Chopin with Paderewski's flame-edged grace, his blend of fire and tenderness, his superb distinction of style? Who else can discourse to us with those strange accessions of divine madness that seize upon this uncompanioned artist, when he is at his most subduing?

"But chiefly, and most restoringly, what one acquires from an experience of Mr. Paderewski's playing is the conviction that one has been in contact with a noble and kindled and insuperable spirit.

"If, last evening, he seemed more than usually puissant and moving, perhaps it was because he shared the thoughts that were provoked by the occasion and by his own deep intimacy with its mood and impulse—as if, with one here and there among his listeners, he may have remembered Whitman's meditation: 'I look out upon all the sorrows of the world. . . . All the meannesses and agony without end: I, sitting, look out upon, see, hear, and am silent.'

"Silence, declared the subtlest of modern thinkers many years ago, is the supreme revealer—of wisdom, of revelation: 'the reservoirs of silence,' he wrote, 'lie far above the reservoirs of thought.' But the reservoirs of music lie higher still."

WOULD such a throng leave its fireside to hear "mechanized" music? On this point the Newark *Evening News* speculates:

"Several things explain the great crowd.

"It was a benefit for the unemployed musicians who have felt the effects of the depression worse than a good many other people.

"The magic of Paderewski's name retains its potency after all the years he has been before the public.

"No doubt there were thousands who had never heard him in the audience. That it was a great occasion drew others. But it is not the gathering of the crowd that gives the event its greatest significance. It is that this huge audience, filling a building a block long, were thrilled by a piano recital over which hard-boiled musical critics went into ecstasies.

"Over these thousands of listeners fell the hush that betrays a consciousness of being in the presence of a genius pouring his soul into the music his fingers evoke from his instrument.

"That is the something mechanical contrivances can not replace, wonderful as they are. It is the something that stands out in a standardized and mechanized world, towers above it, and assures the great artist of his permanent place.

"Sixteen thousand people wouldn't have gone to the Garden to hear that music unless it had come directly from the master artist sitting at the keyboard.

"Artists are struggling against the times. The situation is such that amateurs are being told they must carry on and keep the torch of musical appreciation lighted until happier days return. But the spirit of music lives.

"It burst into flame at the Garden. It fills a human need. It is an unquenchable fire."

"Mr. Paderewski, by the way, paid for his own seats," reports Deems Taylor in the New York *American*.

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Too Many Corpses in Detective Fiction

ARE YOU GETTING BORED with current detective fiction?

Mr. J. B. Priestley, the author of "The Good Companions," confesses he is, but instead of setting it aside, he suggests remaking it.

What he would like is a few less corpses and a few more interesting crimes, usually ignored.

And he pays a tribute to this form of entertainment, since "it furnishes one of the chief pastimes of the public, and by no means the more foolish public, either."

Writing in *The Evening Standard* (London), he first deals with his grievances:

"So many detective stories have been turned out during these last few years that, on reading a new one, even one by writers as competent as Mr. Wills Crofts and Mr. Forsythe, most of us feel that we have read it all before.

"We are too well acquainted with the bluff that ends with the most unlikely person as the criminal, and even with the double bluff that returns to fix the guilt on the most likely person.

"It is terribly difficult to surprize us, now. Moreover, we still have our various private objections.

"I for one object to the number of small objects that guilty people leave behind them. Why should a button always fall off unnoticed just there? And why are there always so many people not asleep in their beds on that fatal night of the 14th? Haven't you noticed that?

"Let a murder be staged at a country house, in most of these stories, and you find that the host and 75 per cent. of his guests have all been prowling round on that particular night. It won't do.

"And if we are to have epigrams and back chat and comic relief, then I suggest that murder is left out. As it is, far too many detective stories begin with a corpse.

"Murder is not the only crime. Perhaps the best all-round detective story ever written, 'The Moonstone,' was about a theft. I would like to see a few detective stories written round people's disappearances.

"Or, if you want a light-hearted detective tale, then why not invent a few light-hearted themes? If you are reading for sensations, then probably you must have murder. But if you are reading chiefly to match your wits against those of the author and to admire his ingenuity, then it is not even necessary to have a crime at all.

"Miss Dorothy Sayers and experts make a distinction between the sensational crime novel, such as those of Wallace, and the 'intellectual' crime novel, which the reader approaches as a sort of puzzle. In the latter kind the ordinary qualities of a writer of fiction are supposed hardly to matter at all. This I doubt. I doubt, too, if many people can really read any kind of tale and merely see it as a puzzle.

"That is why I suggest that an attempt is made to push the intelligent detective tale a little nearer the ordinary novel of character and manners. This would be particularly useful now that it is becoming increasingly difficult to provide us with a really good new detective puzzle.

"Some of the Americans, it seems to me, are good at this mixed kind, the detective-cum-ordinary novel, notably two women—Kay Strahan and Frances Noyes Hart, and Ellery Queen. (*Not* that monument of irritating pretentiousness, S. S. Van Dine.)"

SUCH a new form, Mr. Priestley thinks, will need "a rather more solid background." Then—

"Characters that are a little less like lay figures. Then again—tho this is probably only my own private taste—rather more movement, for I must confess I like the detective story-writer who moves me about a bit, follows a clue to Aberdeen or Marseilles, and does not hang about the library and shrubbery for ever.

"The detective tale is one of the popular literary forms of this age, just as the bloodthirsty five-act tragedy was one of the popular literary forms of the Elizabethan age. Shakespeare popped up to turn one of those crude bloodthirsty five-act pieces into 'Hamlet.'

"Will anybody do something like that with the detective tale? Is anybody even trying? Can it be done?

"It is one of the weaknesses of this age that nearly all our more sensitive and intelligent writers are completely divorced from popular forms of literature. It is not so much that they are neglected because they are too sensitive, too intelligent, for the general reading public as that they are neglected because they do not write the kind of thing that public likes.

"If you think that necessarily proves them to be great writers, I leave you to explain away Chaucer, Shakespeare, Fielding, Goethe, Dickens, and other men of talent in their day who had some success with the public of their day, using popular forms.

"But here is something that might be done. Let the same tale—a tale of passion, crime, and what not—be written in three different ways within one cover, first as a novel of manners and character, then as a close psychological study, and then as a detective story on the usual lines. There's an idea for an ambitious author or an enterprising publisher."

That Man, Lytton Strachey

LYTTON STRACHEY WAS A MAN of such extraordinary personality that long after he had left Trinity College, Cambridge, England, half the undergraduates could be heard talking in what was called the Stracheyesque voice.

This was something high pitched and flutelike.

It is not recorded that they accomplished much else in imitation.

This is the man who died January 21, at the age of fifty-one, and was known far and wide in America as author of "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex." So much was the latter book bruited about at the time of its publication that even the title sometimes went wrong. As when a woman applied at a book-store for a copy of "Elizabeth and Sex."

Other books, like his "Eminent Victorians" and "Landmarks of French Literature," have a narrower circle of readers.

He displayed an "astonishing maturity," even when he arrived at Trinity in 1899, so we are told by Leonard Woolf in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London).

"He already had intellectually the equipment which made it possible for him nineteen years later to write 'Eminent Victorians,' and combined with this intellectual maturity he had the fiery and violent intransigence of youth." Mr. Woolf expands, showing that his voice contained two "registers":

"With age and success he became extremely mellow and gentle; when a young man, his external demeanor was gentle and almost diffident, but was accompanied by an intellectual prickliness and ruthlessness which was extraordinarily impressive and at times devastating.

"The effect was increased by his peculiar method of conversation. When he was with those whom he liked, he would talk with animation, dropping every now and then into the general stream of conversation, casually and in his low staccato voice, some maliciously illuminating and extraordinarily witty phrase or comment.

"But in those days, tho his conversation was fascinating and brilliant, it was often difficult, for he required much, including stimulus, from the person to whom he was talking.

"If the person or persons with whom he found himself in contact happened not to be congenial or their remarks unintelligent, the result would often be a social disaster, painful at the moment to a third party, tho extremely amusing in retrospect.

"His legs inextricably intertwined, he would lie back in his chair, in black gloom and complete silence, and then quite suddenly drop, this time probably into the most uncomfortable moment of silence, a sardonically witty remark which stript the last shred of self-control and intelligence from his victim."

HIS grotesque physique is described by Rebecca West in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* as an "endearing oddity":

"He had the oblong and wry-necked character of some of Giotto's figures; his beard, which was like an extension of his personality in the direction of doubt, seemed to be cut with square edges.

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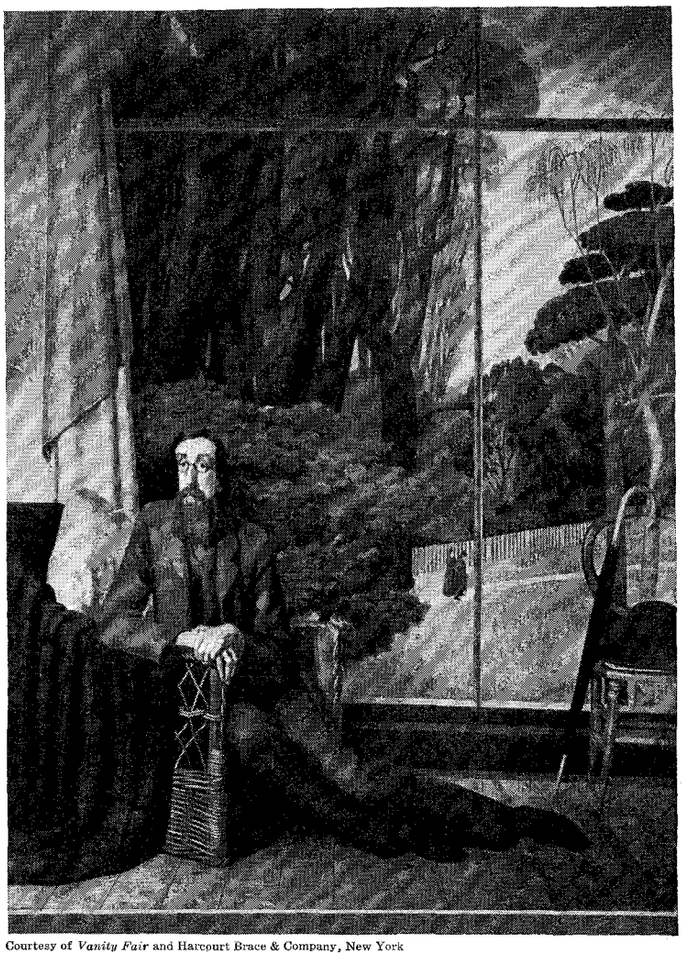
"For some reason his pallor was comic, perhaps because it was so excessive that it might well have been paint assumed by an actor about to give a performance as a lackadaisical grotesque.

"But from his eyes, blindish behind strong spectacles, proceeded a benevolent regard; his exquisite hands proclaimed him a creature from a fine mold; and he moved with a deerlike grace, which spoke of shyness and friendliness. One could not help smiling at him, as Henry Lamb smiled at him in his celebrated portrait of him which hangs in the Tate Gallery in London, but if one had any sensibility at all, one would know that this was a person to be honored.

"He had also a voice, a thin glass-tube of a voice, which would have been delicious had it been the vehicle of nonsense, which was incredibly entrancing when one realized that it transmitted instead learning, wit, and moral passion.

"Because of these things, and because of certain merits of character which his intimates will doubtless partly disclose to us in the future, he was a well-known figure in English social life of the more intellectual type, long before his thirty-second year, when he published 'Landmarks of French Literature.'"



Courtesy of *Vanity Fair* and Harcourt Brace & Company, New York

"One Could Not Help Smiling" at Strachey

"As Henry Lamb smiled at him in his celebrated portrait of him which hangs in the Tate Gallery in London."

SOMETHING new and strange always emerged in his published writings, Mr. Woolf perceives, and this came about from the curious combination of contradictory qualities in his character. After this fashion:

"He was an iconoclast who loved traditions, so that, for instance, on a subject like the French Revolution he could feel with Burke and think with Tom Paine.

"He combined extreme originality, and even eccentricity, with a true love of the elaborate manners, forms, and formalities of a highly civilized and sophisticated society. He was a realist and a cynic, and yet he was a romantic who loved the pageantry of life and history.

"Tho the standards he set for himself and demanded of others were so high, and tho one of the most remarkable things about him was his intellectual integrity, he would display, on occasions, an almost contemptuous, if not unscrupulous, disregard of accuracy in detail. These qualities determined his choice of subject and molded his biographical method and literary style."

AN amusing story shows that the ordinary conventions of life did not much trouble him. It is told by the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian:*

"One day when Lytton Strachey was in London, he found that his trousers were rather badly torn. Donning a large overcoat of the ulster variety he made his way to an invisible-mending shop near Piccadilly. On arrival he surveyed the young person behind the counter and asked in his high-pitched voice, 'Can you mend trousers?'

"On being reassured he turned round, and after considerable agitation beneath the ulster, he produced the trousers. It was decided that the rent was too severe to be invisibly mended, but that it could be tacked. Mr. Strachey said he would return after lunch.

"So he walked off and lunched at the Oriental Club, still clad in the ulster. After lunch he returned and there was a similar pantomime with the ulster. Mr. Strachey walked off satisfied and trousered once more

"Another story which has always delighted me occurred when he was staying with Max Beerbohm at Rapallo. The conversation turned on the chief characteristic of the modern novel. Various people advanced different theories, and then Lytton suddenly interjected from a corner 'Passion,' and subsided into silence again.

"Lytton was an admirable host, kindly and intensely amusing, but he was shy and reserved toward people who did not move in his immediate circle — or toward those who would not fit in.

"I think he admired but felt uncomfortable in the presence of men of action. His was a gentle character —scholarly, urbane, and, despite his writing, a little sentimental, and he lived his life singularly removed from the rough-and-tumble of contemporary life."

The Cover

THE Virgin Islands seem to be fertile field for our artists.

In our issue of June 20, 1931, you remember, we gave a cover picture of St. Thomas by Davenport Griffen. Now Mr. Chapman takes us to a spot where, "Looking Down on St. Thomas," we see from a charming pergola the islands scattered through the blue sea. We also have the company of a picturesque native. As to the artist's career:

"Charles S. Chapman was born at Morristown, New York, in 1879. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, the Salmagundi Club, and the National Arts Club. He studied at the New York School of Art 1898-99, and was elected Associate of the National Academy of Design in 1917 and full Academician in 1921.

"At the National Academy he was awarded the Saltus Medal for Merit in Painting 'In the Deep Woods,' purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He gained the Carnegie Prize for 'Forest Primeval,' purchased by the Ranger Fund. It is now hanging in the Cleveland Museum of Art.

"The second Altman Prize came to him for his painting called 'Redwoods.'

"He is principally known for paintings of the forests, the result of a year's work as a 'culler' or measurer of logs, when a youth, in the lumber camps in Canada, ninety miles north of Ottawa.

"Since he has never studied painting under any instructor he has developed the technique of oils through experimentation and has thus evolved a way quite his own of handling his medium and expressing himself.

"The present cover design is one of fifty paintings made this summer in the Virgin Islands, and is a view looking south through a beautiful arbor on the mountain-top to the city of St. Thomas and the Harbor, one of the finest in the world.

"An exhibition of these Virgin Islands paintings is now being held at the Grand Central Galleries, Forty-second Street, New York."

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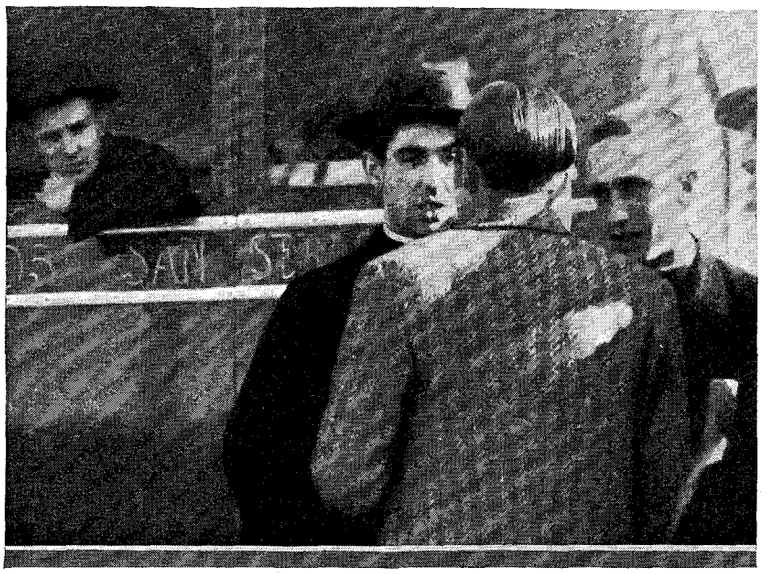
The Spanish Ban on the Jesuits

THE CATHOLIC WORLD IS SADLY STIRRED by the dispossession of the "Company of Jesus" in Spain, once most Catholic of countries.

The blow severs the last formal tie between Spain and the Roman Catholic Church.

Even the cave near the little town of Manresa, where Ignatius Loyola, the founder, wrote his "Spiritual Exercises" for the Jesuits, and the religious houses erected to mark the site are confiscated and pass under State control.

It is another of those vicissitudes through which the 400-year-old Catholic order has passed, only to revive and continue its labor. At one time or another it has been banished from every country in Europe, and, because of enmities aroused both in and out of the Church, the society was suppressed by papal edict in 1773, and remained under the ban until 1814. To-day, however, Pope Pius says that the Jesuits of Spain are "witnesses to the Papacy and martyrs of the Vicar of Christ."



Acme

"Martyrs of the Papacy"

Expelled Spanish Jesuits arriving at the border and being identified by the police before they leave the country.

As a powerful teaching and missionary order which has ranged the world, its strange and romantic history is closely interwoven with the early history of America, where Jesuit missionaries persisted in the face of danger, and were martyred for their faith.

ARTICLE 26 of the Constitution of the Republic of Spain, according to which the Jesuit order is dissolved in that country, affects "those religious orders which by their statutes admit, besides the three canonical vows, another special [vow] of obedience to an authority distinct from the [legitimate] authority of the State."

So the article is cited in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* from the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., editor of *America*, who adds that there is nothing in Article 26 of the Constitution "about an authority 'higher' than the State."

The fourth vow, "taken only by the Jesuits," this Jesuit authority tells us, is made to the Pope "directly or through his representative," and obliges the Jesuits to go on missionary work wherever the Pope may command.

The order of dissolution, signed by President Alcala Zamora, leaves to the Spanish Jesuits little but their name and the record of their work. Churches, convents, and schools, valued at $30,000,000, are confiscated, and 3,000 members of the eighty Jesuit communities are disbanded and banned.

"The Company of Jesus is hereby dissolved throughout Spanish territory," runs the decree, as its contents are cabled to this country. "The State henceforth does not recognize any religious or legal rights for it as an order."

Spain is cutting off her nose to spite her face, according to some of the Catholic comment, for there is a vast work in education, science, sociology, and charity that the Jesuits have to their credit.

"Spain will suffer more by the dissolution than the order itself, for, in the long run, the Jesuits always triumph over persecution," says *The Catholic News* (New York).

Citing a partial list of the famous Jesuit universities, scientific institutions, and centers of charity, and reminding us that Fathers Eduardo Vitoria and Rodes, and others, are among Europe's first scientists, *The Catholic News* says:

"There is scarcely an important city in Spain which has been without its Jesuit college, school, or some social work; just as there is not a town that has not been within the sound of their preaching. They have directed most important social works—patronages, Catholic circles, trades-schools, and publications. Padre Garcia Villada wrote the great 'Ecclesiastical History of Spain.'"

OF course, says this Catholic weekly, "the aim of the radicals is to crush religion out of the hearts of the Spanish people. The expulsion of the Jesuits is the first step; other communities will be victims later, if the Spanish people themselves do not rise up in protest."

A similar opinion is echoed by Gerard B. Donnelly, S. J., in *America*. The Jesuits, he says, are "the Opposition. And it is a fact, not yet noticed or commented on by the American press, but one that every Spanish radical perceives with unerring instinct, that the Government, if it is to rid Spain of the Catholic Church, must first destroy the Society of Jesus in the Peninsula."

But the blow, it appears, does not find the Catholics dismayed. Rather they look upon it as another trial of patience, and find their present consolation in the record the Spanish Jesuits have established for themselves. "It is their glory and their consolation, and they know it well," said Pope Pius on hearing the news. "It is also our glory and our consolation to have such sons and such defenders," he went on, as dispatches quote him, "for, indeed, one may call them, especially at this time, not only confessors, but martyrs of the papacy, martyrs of the Pope, martyrs of the Vicar of Christ."

"Like other trials, this, too, will pass," says *America*. "Members of the Society of Jesus find significance in the persecution of their brethren in Spain only as it is an attack upon the Church and upon the Vicar of Christ. As for themselves, they feel that as long as the Holy Father deigns to accept their services, nothing else matters."

It is of especial historic interest that the man who founded the Society of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, and most of his colleagues were Spaniards.

It was the very zeal of the Jesuits that raised enemies around them and brought their methods into disfavor among some non-Catholic minds. "They sought the eternal good of mankind,"

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concedes *The Christian Register* (Unitarian). "Their zeal was a holy zeal, and still is, tho it is tempered now to the irresistible demands of our civilization that freedom, tolerance, and gentleness shall be kept in the fore by all faiths and faithful; and that politics is not religion." As this Boston weekly sees it:

"Spain, most Catholic of all countries, knows the Jesuits best, and the republicans who rule like them least.

"Of course, in principle the statesmen are right and consistent. The ends the Jesuits seek are at mortal enmity against the hopes and beliefs of a new-free people. It must make sorrow add to sorrow in the Vatican to see here another crumbling of a cornerstone of the Church.

"Elsewhere in the uttermost parts of the earth the Jesuits will live and grow, for a season. How long will depend upon their own course and, much more, upon the temper of the world.

"The ground of the dissolution in Spain was that the Jesuits placed allegiance to Rome ahead of allegiance to the State."

The Threat of the Freethinkers

FREETHINKERS ARE TO HAVE THEIR DAY, in the highest court in the land, against the Bible.

And, strangely enough, believers may be their allies in removing the chief text-book of Christianity from the public schools.

Organized to promote atheism, the society headed by Joseph Lewis asserts that the custom of reading the Scriptures in the schools is a violation of the Constitutional provisions separating Church and State, and, defeated in the lower courts, now seeks to have the question permanently decided by the United States Supreme Court.

The test was made originally in New York City, where the Freethinkers sought to prohibit such use of the Bible and hymn-books, on the ground that the purchase of the books was a waste of the public money, and that school assemblies could not legally be opened by reading the Bible and the singing of religious hymns.

The court ruled against them, and the action was confirmed by the State Court of Appeals, which said that as the books had already been purchased, and there was no claim that additional books were to be bought, "there is no waste of money to be enjoined, even if we should consider the purchase of such books as illegal." The court made no reference to the religious aspects of the case.

THUS the main issue was avoided, observes *The Churchman* (Episcopal), which tells us that a large number of State courts have passed upon the question, and that they are about equally divided. This is the first time, says *The Churchman*, that the Supreme Court has been asked to decide the issue, which, this liberal religious weekly goes on to show, is more involved than appears on first sight:

"We confess that, tho we believe in Christianity, and in teaching it as widely as possible, we are unable on logical grounds to see why a Jew, a Buddhist, a Roman Catholic, a Parsee, an agnostic, or an atheist, has not a perfect right, as a taxpayer in a democracy which refuses to indorse any religion, to object to the reading of a Bible in which he does not wish his children, or any children, to believe.

"Of course, to please the Jew and the Roman Catholic, only the Old Testament might be used, and that in the Douai Version. But many Protestants would object to that, on both Christian and Protestant grounds. We suspect that both the supporters and the opponents of Bible-reading are unduly exercised over the matter. It is doubtful whether the perfunctory reading and the passive hearing of the Bible has ever done much to influence the religious ideas of the pupils, still less to influence their actions.

"It might well be studied as a piece of literature for both its cultural and historic values, but we do not believe that the cause of religious education will suffer greatly by its abandonment, or profit by its use. The Bible is not a fetish, or a magic potion which will prove effective if poured into a child's ear without note, comment, interpretation, or application."

But the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks that the Freethinkers are making a vain threat, for, it points out:

"Nearly all the people of the United States accept part or all of the Scriptures, in the Douai or the King James version, as the Word of God. The excluded segment is politically and socially negligible. Chinese, Japanese, Buddhists, Brahmins, and militant Freethinkers would make a small showing if they were to stand up and be counted. But constitutions have no reasons for existence save as protecting the rights of minorities.

"We can see no reason why the Bible should be barred from the schools where Shakespeare is studied.

"Its poetry, its folk-lore, its basic moralities give it a popular sanction, which in turn makes it immensely valuable to writers of English, far more valuable than Shakespeare can ever be.

"But comment on the Bible would involve sectarianism, which would be intolerable, and perhaps formal reading is all that can be wisely done in the schools. Much must be left to the home and to the Sunday-school."

Underwood & Underwood

Promoter of Atheism

Joseph Lewis, who would stop Bible teaching.

But some question might arise as to the choice of passages to be read, and, says *The Eagle:*

"We can conceive that a temperamental principal, picking passages of Shakespeare for reading, might make grave errors. He might stir up a whole community. Some parts of Shakespeare, some parts of the Bible, need to be avoided.

"This is a phase of the subject that has had too little school consideration."

A Victory of Law and Order

HONOLULU HAS HAD THE FRONT PAGE with its criminal assault and retributive killing.

Now Birmingham deserves space for barring Judge Lynch from a scene where fate had placed all the inflammable material needed to fire a lawless mob.

The case is that of Willie Peterson, accused of being one of three Negroes involved in a cold-blooded assault on three white girls of prominent families in Birmingham, Alabama. After being held three hours, two of the girls were fatally wounded, and the third, shot through the arm, saved herself only by dropping to the ground and feigning death.

When the Negro who had done the shooting had gone, Miss Nell Williams drove her car with one arm, and summoned help from a near-by house. Her sister died that day; the other died nine days later from a bullet-shattered spine.

As Paul Blanshard carries on the story in *The Nation*, a score of Negroes were rounded up and paraded before Miss Williams. She declined to identify them. Then, seven weeks later, while driving down one of the main streets of Birmingham, she saw Willie Peterson walking on the sidewalk, and positively identified him as the murderer. He was arrested and rushed to Kilby prison, but was almost killed, a few days later, when a brother of Miss Williams, who had smuggled a pistol into the prison,

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shot him through the lung. For this, young Williams was indicted.

The trial of Peterson came in December, and, says Mr. Blanshard, who is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York:

"Here was a perfect setting for swift retributive justice.

"A Negro charged with a crime against Southern white women had been positively identified by one of his victims. The identification was made deliberately, long after the period of hysteria was past.

"The girl herself, as I heard her testify from the witness stand, appeared calm, poised, and intelligent. Her testimony stood up well under cross-examination. The alibis of Peterson were not very impressive, altho he had a good reputation.

"But the miracle happened! Willie Peterson was not convicted, because there was a reasonable doubt that he was the right man. A white Southern jury did not blindly accept the white woman's word against the black man.

"It weighed the evidence, and disagreed. Rumor has it that the verdict was seven to five for acquittal, and that Peterson will get a new trial in January, with the chances for acquittal greater than in the first trial.

"The credit for this astonishing result must go not only to Peterson's attorneys, but to a young Southern judge, J. Russell McElroy, who was scrupulously fair during the trial, and to the newspapers of Birmingham, which have studiously refrained from appeals to mob hysteria. During the trial no machine-guns were in evidence, and no uniformed officers were in the court. Half of the main floor of the court-room was given to Negroes and half to whites."

On his second trial, late last month, Peterson was convicted. An appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court, which automatically stays the execution set for March 4. We have the word of the Birmingham *News* that the second trial was conducted with the same dignity that characterized the first.

The case has perhaps escaped the attention of many who have carefully recorded all lynchings in the South—and elsewhere. But, besides *The Nation*, *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* notices what occurred in Birmingham, and says:

"To us it seems that there is nothing suggestive of a higher vision of honor, associated with a sense of public law and order, and the courage to match the vision, than the action of certain Southern leaders in Alabama under the most inflammatory conditions of fact and popular excitement.

"Our hats are off to those Alabamans who have displayed what America needs more to-day than anything else—evidence of faith in the processes of established law and order, and evidence of courage and honesty in putting the machinery of the law into operation.

"There is no situation so bad that faith and action of this sort would not handle it far more effectually than it could possibly be dealt with by illegal or extra-legal action, or by the perversion and corruption of the formal and profest processes of law. Some day we shall discover that the most rigid adherence to the established usages of law and order, as these have been manifested under the highest conditions of civilization, is the only way of making society safe for social ends and for the individuals who compose it."

Afraid? Of What?

By E. H. Hamilton

A Chinese girl who saw Mr. Vinson before he was shot heard the bandits threatening him with guns. "Aren't you afraid?" they asked. "No," he answered, "I am not afraid. If you shoot me, I will go right to Heaven."

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To enter into Heaven's rest,
And yet to serve the Master blest,
From service good to service best?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

Suchowfu, Kiangsu, China,
November 7, 1931.

—*The Presbyterian Survey, Richmond.*

A Missionary Unafraid

THE MISSIONARY LOOKED DOWN THE MUZZLE of the gun, and stood undaunted, while a little girl watched and wondered.

The bandits wanted to test his courage. He didn't flinch, and told them he was not afraid to die. Some time later the bandits shot and decapitated him, leaving the half-clad body where it fell.

So John W. Vinson made the supreme sacrifice for his faith, and ended his work for the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Haichow, Kiangsu Province, China.

Readers will recall press accounts of the murder of Mr. Vinson by Chinese bandits, last fall. But the story of his simple act of faith in that last stand will be new to most. It is recorded for us in *The North China Herald*, and reprinted in *The Presbyterian Survey* (Richmond).

It is another story of destruction, murder, looting—a surprize attack on Yang-gia-gi by combined groups of bandits, houses put to the torch, many shot down in cold blood, 150 taken captive, among them the missionary. But lately out of a hospital, he was still weak and ill, but the bandits took his overcoat from him, and when found the body was clad only in pajamas and a coat.

The body was found by one of Mr. Vinson's former pupils, Wu Ke-djao.

Mr. Vinson is the first member of the Southern Presbyterian Missions in China to make the supreme sacrifice "in the true martyr spirit, and to have his life taken by those whom he came to serve," says *The Presbyterian Survey*, and it comments:

"In spite of the gruesome details of his tragic death, and in spite of the fearful commentary on the state of the country which his murder constitutes, there is something very beautiful in his thus giving his life for the very ones who killed him, and his triumphant overcoming of all fear in his determined forward march in the line of duty.

"Dr. Morgan had insisted that he stop his itinerating for at least six months, to give his frail body a chance to recover some of its lost vigor; but he evidently felt that his last chance to go out into his field, and bear witness to the power of the Gospel in which he believed, had come. He evidently felt that, if he delayed his itinerating work, he might never be able to go out again.

"So he went out in spite of his great physical handicaps.

"If the bandits had any heart at all, they would have respected his physical weakness, which was apparent to all; but they were clearly of a stamp who stop at nothing in the prosecution of their nefarious trade.

"One of the captives, a little girl, the daughter of the preacher located at Yang-gia-gi, escaped from the bandits' hands, and returned to her home. She reported that she saw the bandits threaten Mr. Vinson, point a gun at him, and ask him: 'Are you afraid?' He answered, 'No, I am not afraid.' They again pointed the gun at his head as tho they were going to shoot him, and asked again, 'Are you not afraid?' He replied, 'No, I am not afraid of you. If you shoot me, I will go straight to heaven, so I am not afraid even if you kill me.'"

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

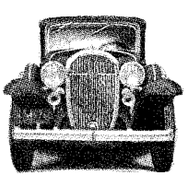
MANY PEOPLE SAY,

"OUR CHOICE AT ANY PRICE IS BUICK"

How true it is that the men and women who purchase new Buick Straight Eights base their choice on the extra quality Buick provides.

They are people of discrimination. They choose their possessions wisely, unimpressed by price for mere price's sake. They seek one thing—*excellence.*

You have only to ask them about Buick, whether they own models listing at $935 or $2055, to learn that they experience a degree of motoring satisfaction which many, many people have long sought without finding.



They will remind you that the new Buick bodies by Fisher are the pattern of luxury. They will invite you to ride, and watch delightedly as you thrill to the mastery of the new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine.

They will point out, too, that they enjoy equal advantages in driving ease. The pleasure of shifting all gears without using the clutch pedal; of having either Free Wheeling or Conventional Drive instantaneously; of commanding a truly silent second speed . . . all due to that notable new Buick feature—Wizard Control.

Remember, more than three people purchase Buicks for every one who buys any other eight of its price, and fully eighty-nine per cent of Buick owners buy Buicks again and again . . . solely because Buick gives *superlative satisfaction,* and continues to give it with unvarying reliability for 200,000 miles and more.

You will be interested in discussing motor cars with the Buick owners you know. One after another they will tell you, "Our choice at any price is Buick."

Tune in on Frank Black and the Revelers, and the Buick Orchestra . . . every Sunday at 9:45 P. M. E.S.T. over the NBC-WEAF network . . . also General Motors "Parade of the States" on Monday evenings, 9:30 P. M. E.S.T.

THE NEW BUICK *with* WIZARD CONTROL

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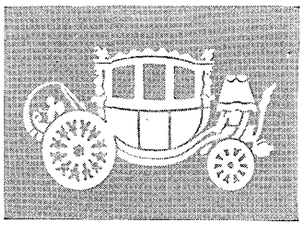
A COACH FOR CINDERELLA



Turn the great book of Time to the page of our days and you will find as a major entry—"The Emancipation of Woman." Freed after untold centuries from the narrow restrictions of a purely domestic life, she has emerged, like a radiant Cinderella, into a broader, finer, more beautifying existence.

Entering this larger sphere her influence has acquired a greater scope. Commerce, science, arts . . . indeed every occupation . . . feel the effect of her presence.

Industry is no exception. Content, as a rule, to leave its operation to men, she nevertheless controls it to a great degree . . . because, to a great degree, she is its market.

Fisher was quick to realize what part "The New Woman" was destined to play in the future of its business. The automobile was still in its beginnings when she became an important factor in the purchase of the family car. Then came the invention of the self-starter, and it was immediately evident that women would become more and more the actual drivers.

And so, for years Fisher Bodies have been built with feminine tastes in mind. Even the first simple elements of comfort which Fisher brought to automobile bodies were especially meant to be pleasing to women.

It is fairly safe to assume that not nearly so much thought and effort would have gone into such considerations as seat cushioning, noise prevention, ventilation and temperature insulation . . . but for the realization that these matters are important to women.

Certainly body-styling, the uses of color, the attention given to upholstery, interior trim, fittings, and equipment conveniences have had the demands of feminine censorship as their standard.

Fisher is pardonably proud of what it has achieved, and equally proud to acknowledge an inspiration that has meant so much.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE Order of the Bookfellows gives the George Stirling Memorial prize of $100 to the following which was printed in the November (1931) *Step Ladder:*

ANN PETERS

BY FLORENCE CROCKER COMFORT

Ann Peters stood alone upon the sand,
Looking with wide and questioning eyes
Across an unknown sea.
A red sun broke and spread like fused, red gold.
A wind rippled the waters of the sea,
That reached and touched Ann Peters' restless feet.
Eagerly she cried, "Wind, wind, I am strong,
And I will run with you!"
Lightly they ran, Ann Peters and the wind,
Through budded orchards, ready for the bloom,
And fragrance, like a falcon, rode upon
A wrist of wind.

Along an April path, love came seeking.
With silver-throated voice, Ann Peters cried,
"Love, love, I am strong; I will run with you!"
Joyously they ran, Ann Peters and her love,
And the wind went lift, lifting at their heels.
Side by side they ran, until Love fainting
Grasped Ann Peters' eager, outstretched hand.
Tenderly she raised her Love in her arms,
She so strong and he so weak—and yet—and yet—
She could not hold her Love within her arms.

Forcing back the hot, crowding tears, she cried,
"Wind, wind, I am strong; I will run with you!"
Swiftly they ran, Ann Peters and the wind,
Telling the years like beads upon a string.
Blue beads, red beads, and beads of shining gold,
Passed through the nimble fingers of the wind.

Out of the white body of Ann Peters
There came a son. Bravely she cried, "Son, son,
I am strong and I will run with you!"
Gaily they ran, Ann Peters and her son,
And the wind went listing in a cloud.
Hand in hand, until a shadow followed.
Swiftly Ann Peters grasped and held her son,
She so strong and he so weak—and yet—and yet—
She could not hold her son within her arms.
Down, down she crushed the pain, until the blood
That spurted from the wound, clotted and ceased
The flow of anguish.

Ann Peters stands alone upon the sand,
Looking with still, deep wonder in her eyes,
Across the unknown sea.
A red sun, gray streaked, sinks below the line,
And the wind goes drifting through the shadows.

IF one must lend books, the following might be repeated as a send-off. From The New York *American:*

NON-RETURNABLE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

They borrow books they will not buy.
They have no ethics or religions;
I wish some kind Burbankian guy
Could cross my books with homing pigeons!

NOT an exciting picture, and perhaps many will dispute it. In *The Forum:*

PRAIRIE WOMEN

BY HELENE MAGARET

Stolid the prairie women are,
With rugged hands and backs that bow
In unremitting servitude
Above the churn and plow.

Men ever turn to lighter loves,
With slender breasts and unbound hair,
And ever follow where the winds
Are gentler and more fair.

While prairie women home at night,
Weary of treading fields forlorn,
Stare in their mirrors long, and hate
The tyranny of corn.

A GOOD saga of a vanishing race in *Interludes* (Baltimore):

THE TRAIL OF THE SETTING STAR

BY VERNON A. VROOMAN

Race of a dozen races
That have given their reddest blood
To the making, in many places,
Of these of the sun-browned faces
And the weathered hardihood:

Vanishing race of vaqueros,
Riders of grass and sage,
Last of a line of heroes,
Ghosts of a golden age,
Soon to go on to the limbo
Where the best of the lost things are—
Riding with arms akimbo

To the Ranch of the Setting Star.
God! How the hills will miss you
Up at the old Two-Bar!
Sweet be the winds that kiss you
On the Ranch of the Setting Star!

God throws the last reata;
Some day He'll rope you in—
Some of you clean as the polished crags
And some of you black with sin,
But all of you pure in courage,
And well for your souls that you are;
For His branding-iron burns under the skin
On the Ranch of the Setting Star.

On the day of the final round-up,
When God takes care of His sheep . . .
"What's that? It's time that he wound up
That ditty and went to sleep.
That sheep stuff we can't allow, men—
What the hell does he think we are?
Not sheepmen, by God! we're *cowmen,*
On the trail to the Setting Star."

TOM DALY, who writes this for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* also modestly writes that "this ballade with double refrain is descended (and there is no doubt about the *descent*) from Villon's glorious "Ballade of Dead Ladies":

TO THE BELOVED VAGABOND

BY TOM DALY

[In Paris, in this month of December, 500 years ago, Henry VI of England was crowned King of France; and a child, Francois Villon, was born, who was to become thief, wastrel, brawler, possibly gallows-meat—for no one knows how, when or where he died—and supreme singer of France.]

Tell me now, wherever you are,
What was the end whereto you came . . .
Well, there's a burning that does not char—
This is the fire that men call Fame.
Nay! but your betters—*crême de la crême*—
Proud professors of pomp and pose
Where are they now who played that game?
But where are your own December's snows?

Beams that are tiny may travel far;
Even the dingiest candle's flame
Time may change to a steadfast star—
This is the fire that men call Fame.
Time, on the other hand, *tout de même,*
Quenches most of the gaudy glows.
Where is your old King Henry's claim?—
But where are your own December's snows?

How did you fare at the Doomsday Bar?
Got you the fire to purge your shame?
Well, there's another assays you par—
This is the fire that men call Fame.
Sinners and saints, we are all the same;
Whither away with us? None of us knows.
Where is the credit and where the blame?
But where are your own December's snows?

ENVOY

Rogue, there's a halo upon your name—
This is the fire that men call Fame.
And where is the score of your sins and woes?
But where are your own December's snows?

NATURE seems to have taken the wrong mold here, or do appearances only deceive? From *The Commonweal* (New York):

MISFIT

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

Five feet three and a half is he,
And his hair is greying and thin;
His face is white, and his blue eyes' light
Thick spectacles window in;
His brow is lined by the cares that bind
The slave to the gods of trade;
But he holds his head like men who tread
Where caste is proved by the blade!
There are telltale gleams on the fraying seams

Of his elbows and threadbare seat;
But ocean-blue is his necktie's hue,
And his worn shoes shine on his feet.
An elderly clerk, he plods to work—
But I somehow feel he was planned
To lunge and roar on a man-o'-war,
With a cutlass gripped in his hand!

OUCHY is in Switzerland, the scene of the meeting here described in *The Atlantic Monthly:*

HOTEL DE L'ANCRE, OUCHY

BY JOAN RAMSAY

Here Byron and here Shelley slept—
Here, after happy voyaging,
Under a sudden rain they stepped
Ashore, in hopes that port would bring
All storm-spent pilgrims' first desire—
Poets or peers or simple men—
Bed, a hot supper, and a fire;
But, the last two attained, oh! then
Within that room what talk there was—
Where travelers, merchants, clerks, would meet,
And whose drab walls, smeared looking-glass,
Rug frayed by countless prancing feet,
Witnessed each day dull men's dull words—
As if upon a garden bush,
The sober inn of sober birds—
Sparrow and robin, wren and thrush—
Two, strange and lovely, should alight,
Brilliant of feather and of song,
And—mixed disturbance and delight—
Make music there the whole night long.

They talked as friends will talk, who know
They may not find such hours again,
Lulled and encouraged by the slow
Soft thrumming of the summer rain;
As men may talk, when full and free
Exchange of tolerance is given,
Although they hotly disagree
On everything in Earth or Heaven.
And Byron in his low sweet voice
Spoke desperately his grim belief
Of man predestined and sans choice,
Shieldless alike to sin and grief
On earth, and damned hereafter—each
The quarry of Blind Power Above;
And Shelley, in his eager screech,
Of Freedom and Eternal Love.

Their fancy's fiery wine ran red,
Blended with that of earthlier make
From Vaud's steep sunny vineyards, spread
Tier upon tier above the lake.
And when at last they said 'good-night'—
Because all other words were said—
The mountain stars shone big and bright,
And flashed a dream round Shelley's bed;
While a cold wind from Chillon blew
Desolately through Byron's hair,
Till his heart's sorrow woke, and knew
That it had found its brother there.
And Byron dreamed of prisoned man
In dungeons of subaqueous stone,
Thrust to a doom Promethean,
Fettered, defiant, and alone.
But Shelley dreamed of mountain tops—
White, cloudless, sunward-soaring, free—
Where even the ungyved spirit stops
With only blue for boundary.

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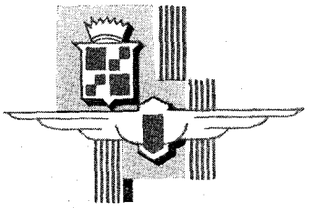

For a Richer Existence

It is told in the fable of King Midas that everything he touched turned instantly to gold. And it made King Midas a miserable man, so that he prayed aloud for relief from the treasure that surrounded him. Now King Midas but learned, in this unusual way, what every man ought to know as his birthright: that gold and silver and riches like these are as nothing within themselves. It is only when they point the way to a fuller and richer existence that they justify the space in which they are stored away. . . . It is because so many people have come to recognize this that Cadillac and La Salle enjoy the patronage they do. For there comes with these distinguished cars a degree of pleasure and enjoyment which makes their cost as nothing for the man who has the means. No one, we believe, could view and drive these beautiful creations without the conviction that they make life richer wherever they go.

☆

»» *La Salle prices range from $2395, Cadillac from $2795, f. o. b. Detroit* ««

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Detroit, Michigan

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A NEW SIX

that brings the important developments of the year to the low-price field . . . .

A NEW V-EIGHT

that offers the distinction of V-Eight performance, at a list price under eight hundred and fifty dollars . . . . . .

Both offer the following new developments of major importance:

SYNCRO-MESH

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QUIET SECOND

▪

FREE WHEELING

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RIDE CONTROL

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LONGER WHEELBASE

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INCREASED POWER AND HIGH SPEED

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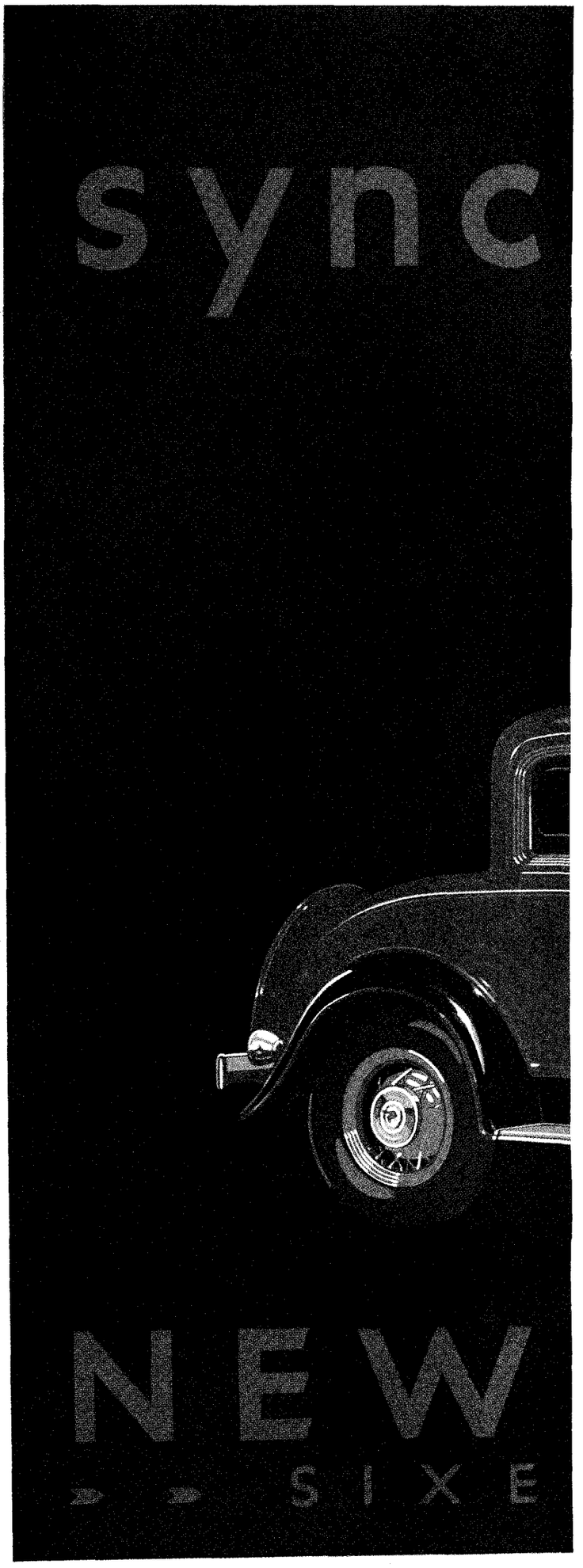
SYNCRO-MESH . . . *Pontiac has made driving extremely* easy and enjoyable. You shift gears with the effortless, silent Syncro-Mesh. You find that Pontiac's new helical second gear is remarkably quiet, allowing quick acceleration with the smoothness of ordinary "high." And with Free Wheeling you coast along, engine idling, then re-engage gears without touching the clutch.

Not just one of these important new driving advantages, *but all three combined at no extra cost*—a development typical of Pontiac's thorough engineering.

As you drive you'll discover many other new values . . . flashing pick-up, high speed, and ample reserve power; genuine fine-car riding comfort; a nice balance of weight that means security under all driving conditions; and *luxury with the unmistakable stamp of Fisher craftsmanship.* Yet this finest Pontiac is distinctly an economy car—both in low first cost and in running expense.

CHIEF OF VALUES

Don't fail to see these two splendid new cars—inspect them—drive them yourself. You will agree that the 1932 Pontiac—either the Six or the V-Eight—is indeed **AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE**



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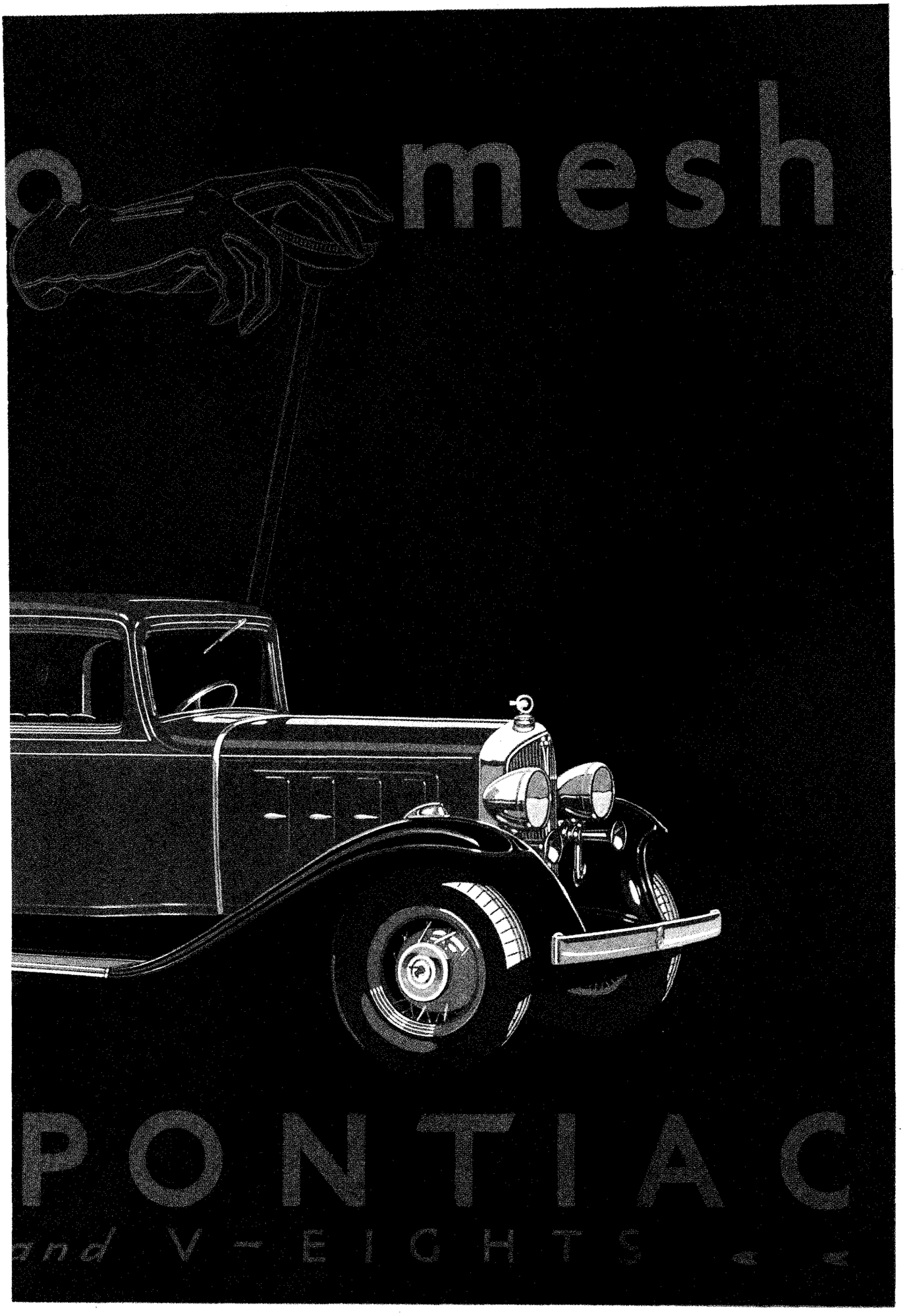

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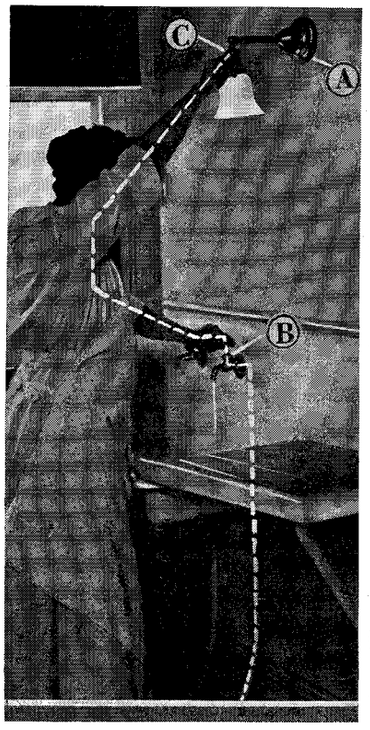
Accidents That Are Not Accidental

AN INJURY DUE to a recognized and preventable cause is surely not "accidental."

Yet a large proportion of what we call "accidents" are in this class.

They are demonstratively due to indifference, or carelessness, or fatigue, or overconfidence, or day-dreaming.



Never Do This

The U. S. Bureau of Standards furnishes this photograph as a warning of the dangers from electric shocks in a bathroom. This diagram shows the metal fixture (A) and the electric-light socket (C), from which the current passes through the woman's body to the grounded faucet (B).

The most important work that is being done by our safety organizations is to find out what persons are troubled by any of these faults, and try to correct them.

Some of the most obvious are pointed out by the writer of an article in *The American Weekly* (New York), where we read:

"Insurance investigators have been puzzled to discover that some people almost never have accidents while others are constantly having something happen to them.

"And many definite reasons have been discovered why these people exist and why they hurt themselves. Out of this newly collected information there is likely to come a greater decrease of industrial and street accidents than could be attained in any other single way.

"It is worth while, the recent convention of the National Safety Council of Chicago decided, to hunt the 'accident germ' that makes these people hurt themselves. The most dangerous machine in the world, experts assert, is the human machine. It is no more difficult to discover the weak points and probable breakdowns of this machine than to do the same thing for a locomotive or a type of automobile.

"Calculation of the chance distribution of accidents to automobile drivers, made by the National Safety Council, show that people with four accidents were about fourteen times as numerous as they should have been on pure chance, while people with seven accidents each actually were 9,000 times commoner than the laws of chance would require.

"These and scores of other instances leave no doubt that there are loose among the American public individuals who are real dangers to themselves and everybody. They are carriers of the 'accident germ.' It is necessary to find these people, and either cure them or to keep them away from automobiles or other machinery.

"That most of them can be cured is another conclusion of the experts. A minority may remain incurable; those, for example, whose eyes or ears are seriously defective or whose mental or muscular reactions are slow or irregular.

"One of the bad habits chiefly responsible for the 'accident disease' is indifference to danger and to the requirements of the job. These two causes account for more than a quarter of all accidents.

"Under this head of indifference, safety experts class the vast majority of eye accidents in factories. The insistent advice of these experts is that workers always wear protective goggles when engaged on any kind of job in which small bits of material may fly into the eyes. Most factories now provide free goggles for such jobs. Yet many workers will not wear these goggles, and end up, sooner or later, with some eye injury or even with loss of sight.

"The second cause of accident proneness is overconfidence. Study of the relation between aviation accidents and the number of hours of flying experience that the injured pilot had before the accident indicates that there are three times in a pilot's flying life when he is most likely to hurt himself. All three are traceable to varieties of overconfidence.

"The average pilot's first attack of this disorder comes when he has had about twenty hours of flying experience. He has begun to know how to make his airplane perform simple movements in the air, but he still is dependent on help from the instructor. Unless he realizes this fact, he is likely to let some accident occur.

"Between the average pilot's eightieth flying hour and his 120th comes the second period, the most dangerous time of a pilot's career. The average pilot, after this much flying, really is competent under ordinary circumstances. But he still is unable to meet special emergencies, altho he thinks he is.

"The third period of danger occurs after the pilot has had about 500 hours of flying experience. He still does not know how to tell merely bad weather from impossible weather.

"Another mental condition which everybody recognizes as likely to cause factory accidents is worry.

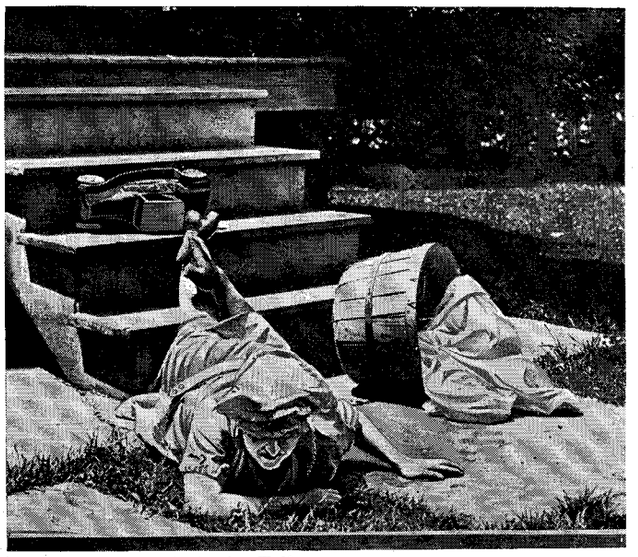
"Still more important, however, seems to be day-dreaming. A considerable number of accidents are due to unaccountable failures of people to attend to their jobs.

"In an instance reported by the National Safety Council, a locomotive engineer ran his engine through an open drawbridge, with all danger signals set and the bridge conspicuously open. The only possible explanation of such instances is that the people concerned were thinking so intently of something else that they never even saw the danger that was plain in front of them.

"Finally, one recognized cause of accidents is the individual's inability to conform to a fixt rhythm. A good dancer or a good musician, it is said, seldom is a person who is prone to accidents.

"Most modern machinery has a certain necessary rhythm to which the man or woman who controls it must conform. The rich man driving his own automobile must conform just as much to the fixt rhythms of his machine as the worker in a factory.

"There are a considerable number of people who never learn to do such things properly. These not only should keep away from automobiles, but should avoid as far as possible all kinds of dangerous machinery. Sooner or later they and the machines will disagree, and one or both of the contestants will be hurt."



Illustrations by courtesy of *The American Weekly*

Willie Left His Toy Auto on the Back Steps

While he ran around the corner to chase the cat. His mother, holding a basket of clothes in front of her, came down the steps, tript on Willie's toy, and the photograph shows the bad fall that resulted. Rule No. 1 in every household ought to be, Never allow anybody to put anything on the stairs. And yet this obvious rule is violated the world over by children, servants, and the master and mistress themselves, with sometimes fatal results.

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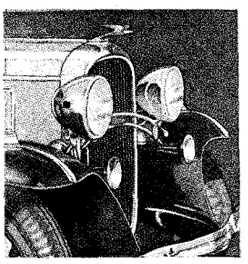
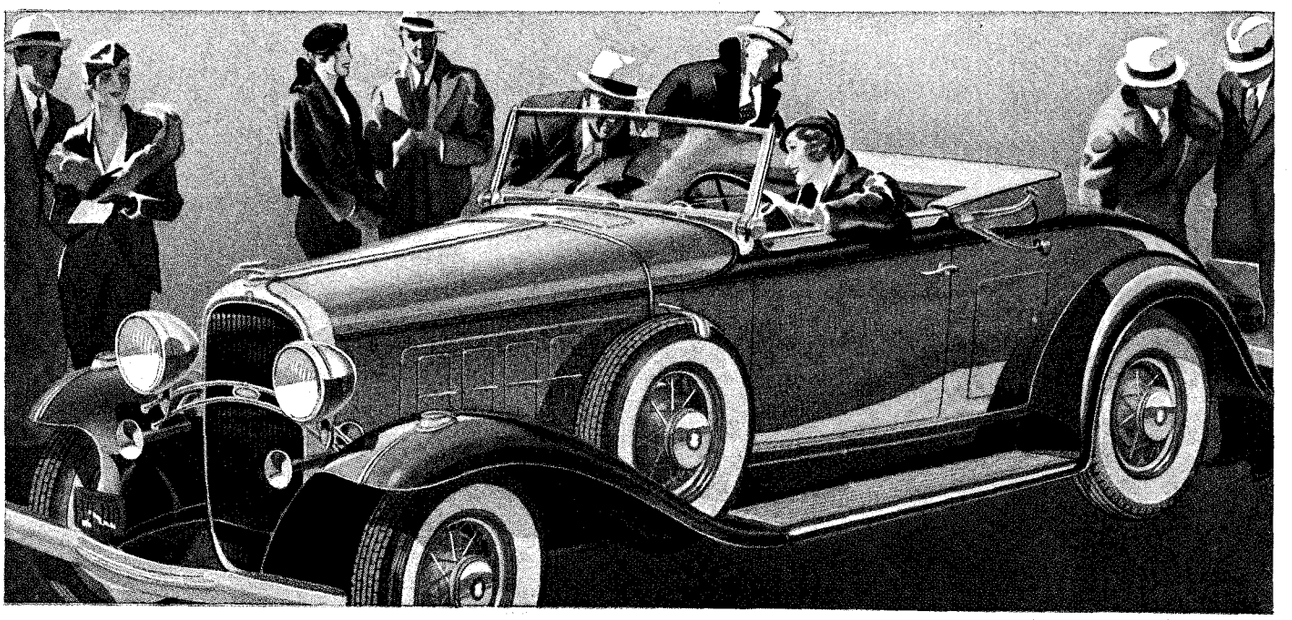


OLDSMOBILE STRESSES VALUE FOR 1932

In A Larger, Finer Six • • And A Brilliant New Straight Eight • • With Distinctive New Styling • • Longer Wheelbase • • Roomier, Sound-Proofed Fisher Bodies • • And A Long List Of Important New Features And Advancements • • Including Free Wheeling And An Improved Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission • • Ride Regulator And Double-Action Hydraulic Shock Absorbers • • Oil Temperature Regulator • • Engine Decarbonizer • • Full Automatic Choke • • A Larger Six-Cylinder Engine Of 74 Horsepower • • And A Great New Eight Of 87 Horsepower • • Representative Of The Highest Achievements In Present-Day Six and Eight Engineering.



The Following Features Of Time-Proved Value Also Add To Performance, Comfort, And Dependability In The New Oldsmobile Six and Eight . . . Down-Draft Carburetion . . . Silent Second Gear . . . Counter-Weighted And Counter-Balanced Crankshaft . . . Vibration Damper On Crankshaft . . . Full-Pressure Lubrication, Including Lubrication Of Piston Pins Through Rifle-Drilled Connecting Rods . . . Rubber Engine Mountings . . . Crankcase Ventilation . . . Oil Filter . . . Combination Carburetor-Silencer And Air Cleaner . . . Automatic Manifold Heat Control . . . Controlled Cooling Through Full-Length Radiator Shutters . . . Weatherproof Internal-Expanding Four-Wheel Brakes . . . Five Wire Or Five Demountable Wood Wheels, Standard Equipment . . . Optional Mohair Or Whipcord Upholstery . . . Marshall Type Springs In Seat Cushions . . . Adjustable Front Seat And Steering Wheel . . . VV Non-Glare Windshield.

OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUES IN THE MEDIUM PRICE FIELD

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Aerial Traffic Rules

THE AIR, AS WELL AS THE EARTH'S SURFACE, now has its traffic regulation.

Of course there are no street-crossings up aloft, and consequently no corners. Stop signs are unnecessary, and at present there are no "traffic cops," tho we may surmise that airplanes in uniform, flying about to enforce the rules, may make their appearance at some time in the future.

In an article on "Safety Rules for the Airways," contributed to *The Scientific American* (New York), Col. Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, tells us something about this new form of traffic regulation. He writes:

"Aircraft operators in this country are carrying passengers at the rate of about two and three quarter millions a year.

"There are 16,709 licensed pilots and 7,653 licensed aircraft in the United States.

"Airways equipped for day and night flying have a total mileage of 17,500 miles. More than 1,900 airports and landing fields are available for aircraft operations, some 650 of them equipped with lights for night operations.

"This phase of modern life is at once an industry, a transportation system, a sport, and an adjunct to other types of business. Naturally there must be standards of quality, performance, and experience to guide those engaged, and also to safeguard the flying public.

"This was recognized by the Federal Government in the passage of the Air Commerce Act of 1926. All regulatory activities are founded upon provisions of the Act."

THE fundamental purpose is to make certain that civil flying is conducted by competent airmen in airworthy aircraft. Among the various functions, the basic one is examination and inspection of airmen and aircraft, and issuing of licenses to those who qualify. Pilots are licensed in four grades: private, industrial, limited commercial, and transport, and, in addition:

"The air commerce regulations require that aircraft engaged in interstate commercial operations be licensed; those used for pleasure only or for commercial flights within the borders of one State may be licensed if the owners desire it and the craft are eligible.

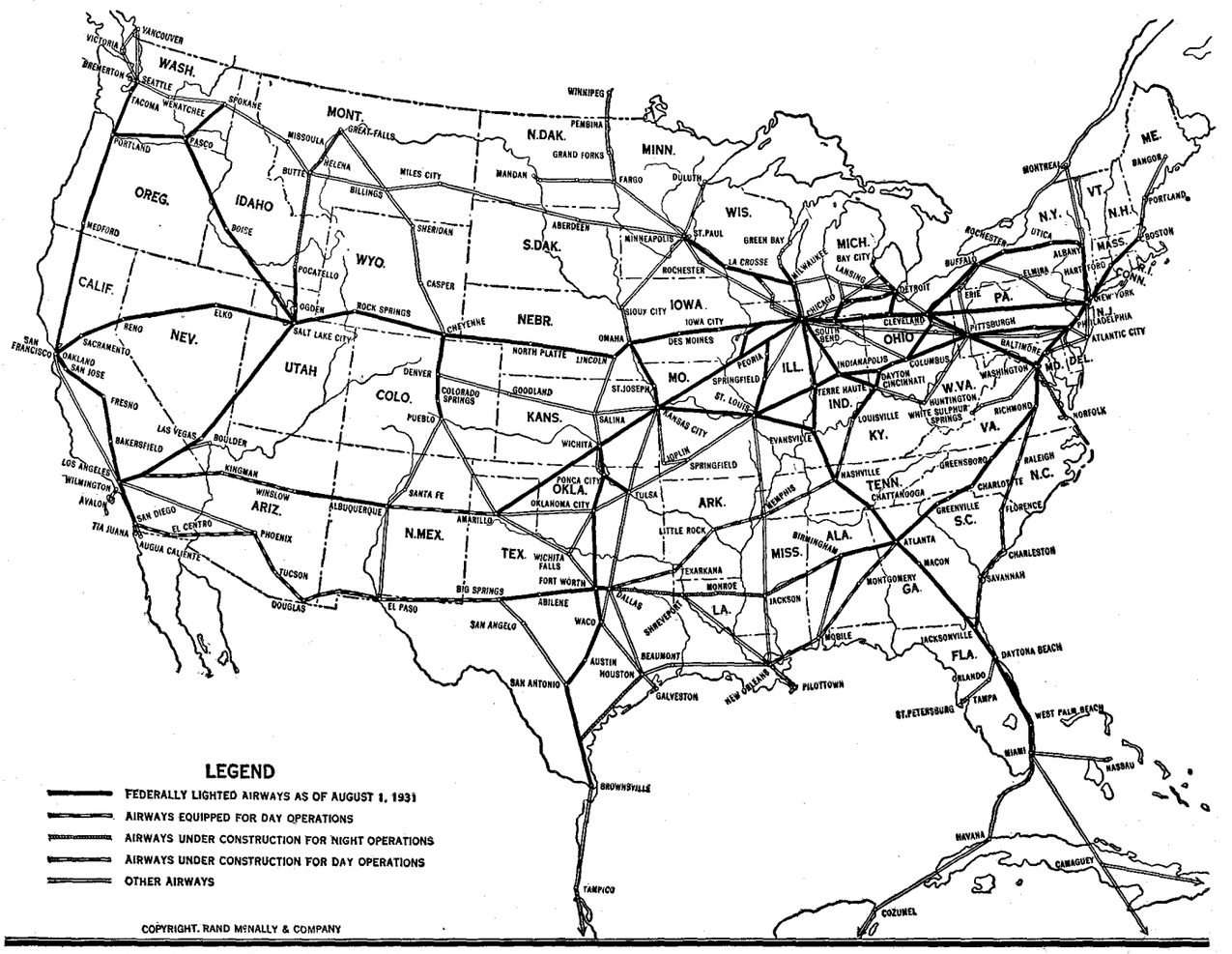
"All civil aircraft, whether licensed or unlicensed, are required to observe the air traffic rules, which serve for the airways the purpose that automobile traffic rules serve for streets and highways. Proper procedure for flying along the airways, for passing and overtaking other aircraft, for taking off and landing, and restrictions as to acrobatic flying, and as to flying over towns and assemblies of persons are set forth.

"The inspection of the air lines that apply for the certificates of authority is minute in every detail. The inspector makes it a point to fly with every pilot who operates between division points, and to observe not only his technique, but his general judgment, experience, and ability to handle air-line transportation.

"At the terminals the inspector closely observes ground operations, such as clearance, methods of handling weather information, and other factors entering into a successful cross-country flight. At maintenance points, the inspector is particularly anxious to determine the methods employed in keeping the aircraft and engines in perfect running order. The competency of the employees, the adequacy of the shop equipment, the local inspection systems employed on aircraft and engines—all are inquired into for the purpose of seeing that they do not fall below the standards specified by the regulations.

"Aircraft repair stations may be approved by the Aeronautics Branch if they request it and can qualify. When an application for approval is received, the station is inspected to determine whether it is equipped properly to make certain types of repairs. It then is approved to do work of those types.

"In addition to assisting communities in the selection of air-



After a map supplied by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America

Traffic Is Getting So Thick Here Now That It Calls for Regulation

Airway map of the United States, issued by the Aeronautics Branch of the U. S. Department of Commerce.

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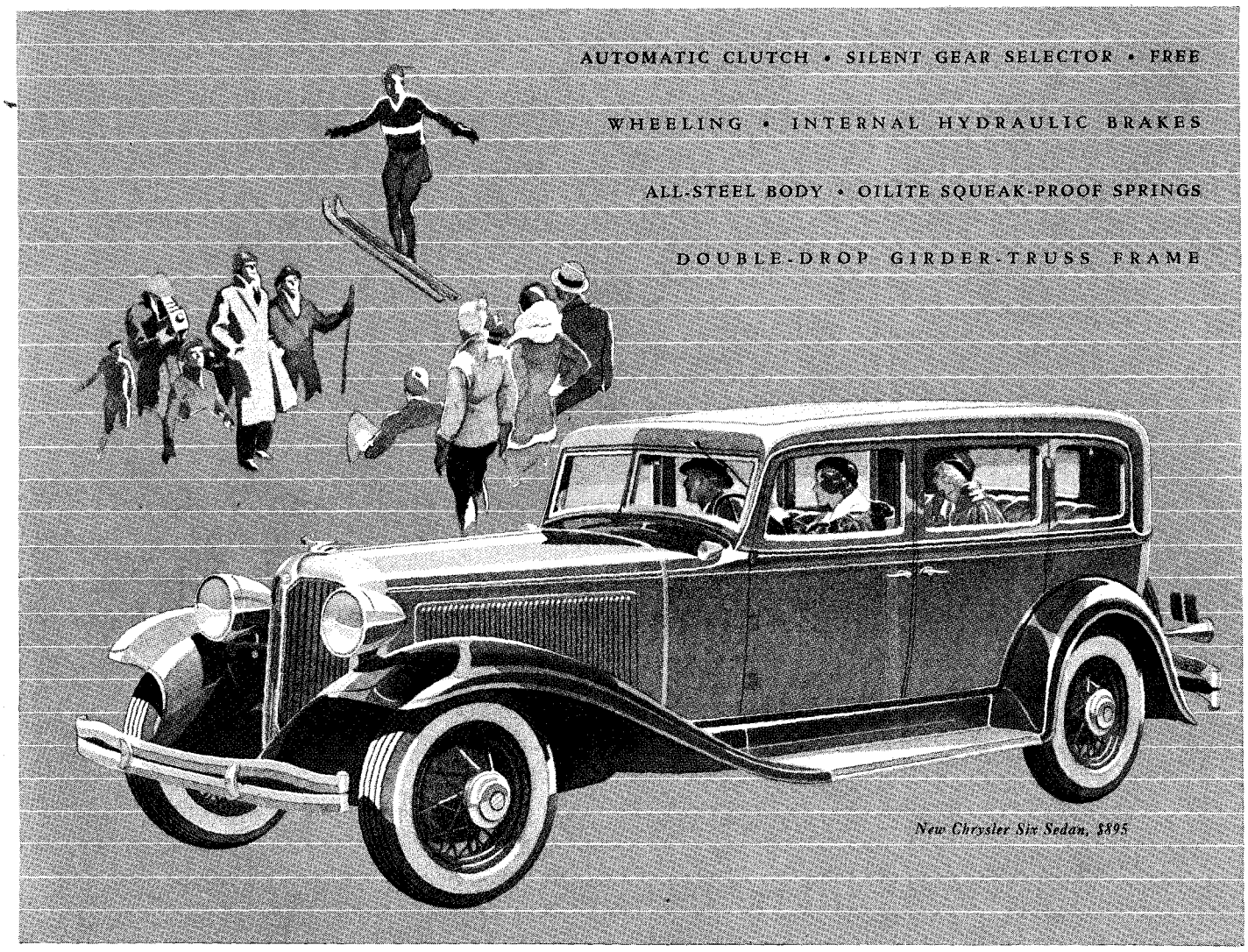
CHRYSLER

with patented *FLOATING POWER*


AUTOMATIC CLUTCH • SILENT GEAR SELECTOR • FREE
WHEELING • INTERNAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES
ALL-STEEL BODY • OILITE SQUEAK-PROOF SPRINGS
DOUBLE-DROP GIRDER-TRUSS FRAME
New Chrysler Six Sedan, $895

Greatest Engineering Developments of Modern Times

Today is Chrysler Day. The day of *Floating* Power. The day of incredible new smoothness in Chrysler performance. The day when Chrysler shows the world what a motor car should *be* and *have* and *do*. . to be really up-to-date.

The new Chrysler cars challenge with the greatest engineering developments of modern times.

They challenge with Floating Power—the great patented development that entirely *wipes out* power tremor at all car speeds.

They challenge with a new Automatic Clutch that is *completely automatic.*

They challenge with *real* Free Wheeling—the Free Wheeling unit being entirely separate and located at the *rear* of the transmission.

They challenge with a new Silent Gear Selector—enabling anyone to select a higher or a lower gear at any car speed with no more effort than moving a lead pencil.

They challenge with a rigid Double-Drop Girder-Truss Frame that is a distortion-proof foundation for Chrysler's strong, sound-insulated All-Steel Bodies.

They challenge with self-equalizing Hydraulic Brakes—with new drums of steel with a cast-iron lining *fused* to the steel—multiplying brake life and brake efficiency many times.

You'll be happier with a Chrysler

They challenge with Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs—springs that supply their own lubrication and never, *never* squeak.

They challenge with style. They challenge with luxury. They challenge with speed. They challenge any and all comparisons. Have you seen them? Have you driven one?

A new Chrysler Six, five body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch and Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs on all Sixes at slight extra cost); a new Chrysler Eight, four body models, $1435 to $1535; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight, two body models, $1925 to $1945; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight, six body models $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass obtainable on all models at slight extra cost.

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port sites, the Aeronautics Branch issues ratings to those airports that are eligible, and whose owners apply for ratings. The rating of airports is primarily an aid to air navigation, in order that pilots and aircraft operators may know at a glance that certain minimum requirements have been met as to general equipment and facilities, effective landing area, and aeronautic lighting equipment, and that certain essential features from the standpoint of safety of operations are available.

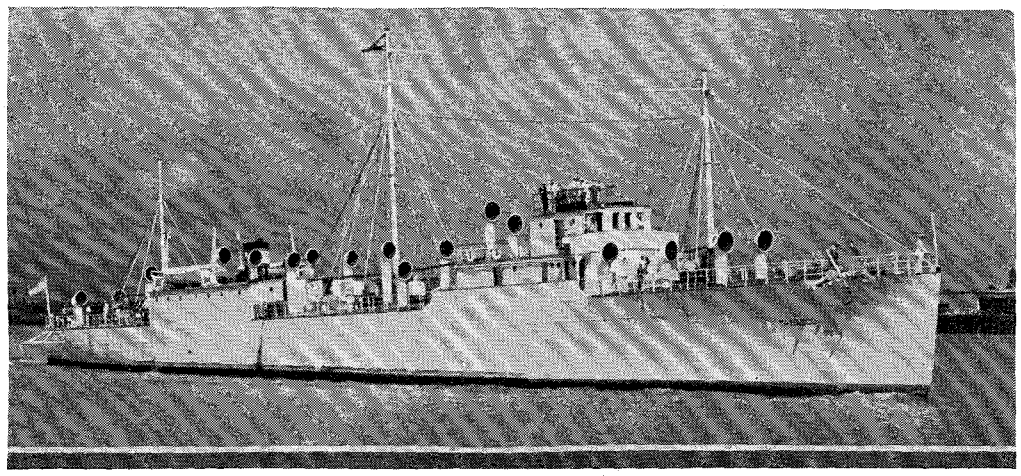
"A number of the States also have undertaken programs of regulation within their own borders, and in most cases they require that pilots and aircraft operating within their jurisdiction hold Federal licenses."

Destroyer Into Fruit Boat

BEATING SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES is the Scriptural metaphor.

"Turning bombs into bananas" seems the more appropriate hope in the case of two U. S. destroyers that have been bought by the Standard Fruit Company and converted into fruit-carriers.

The Marine Review (Cleveland) tells how it was done, and



Courtesy of *The Marine Review* (Cleveland)

For Bananas Instead of Bombs

reports that the change from explosives to edibles is working satisfactorily to all concerned. We read:

"Developing an average speed of slightly better than 15.5 knots, the converted destroyer *Teapa*, formerly the U. S. S. *Worden*, now operated by the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company, December 8 completed a trip from New Orleans to La Ceiba, Honduras, to New York, on 171 barrels of fuel oil. She carried 20,000 bunches of bananas, and one day made 16.1 knots for a long time.

"The *Teapa*, powered by two Ingersoll-Rand 750 horse-power Diesel engines, made the run from La Ceiba to New York in 103 hours and 26 minutes, being delayed 20 minutes by a broken fuel-line. The run from New Orleans to New York, via La Ceiba, is approximately 2,750 miles.

"In addition to the *Teapa*, the Standard Fruit Line operates the *Tabasco*, the converted Diesel-engined destroyer *Putnam*.

"One reason which made these boats a feasible undertaking was their shallow draft, making it possible to enter rivers in the tropics, and thus reducing handling and loading charges. Speed is also an important factor in the transportation of bananas in non-refrigerated ships, and advantage was taken of the fine lines of these vessels, thus securing a maximum of speed for the power installed.

"The vessels were converted to hulks, and the hulls towed to New Orleans, where they were reconditioned. In the reconditioned stage each shaft is now driven by an Ingersoll-Rand six-cylinder Diesel engine, developing 750 horse-power.

"When the vessels were reduced to hulks, all of the deck houses were removed, and in their place a forward and after-house were erected. The forward-house includes two passenger-rooms, and a bath, on the starboard side; and the two mates' rooms, wireless operator-room, and a bath, on the port side; also dining salon, galley, ice-box, and store-room.

"The vessel has been divided into four cargo holds, and has a total carrying capacity of 20,000 bunches of bananas."

Carbon Monoxid From Drying Paint

DRYING PAINT GIVES OFF carbon monoxid in small quantities, sufficient in a sealed space to cause illness or death.

This is evident from experiments made in the Royal Naval Medical School, Greenwich, England, by Messrs. Dudding, Dudley, and Frederick, and reported in *The Journal of Industrial Hygiene* (Baltimore).

Say the three British experimenters:

"Certain air spaces in ships and other places may remain hermetically sealed over long periods of time. Such spaces are the double bottoms and 'bulges,' or 'blisters,' of war-ships. A bulge, or blister, is a space formed between the true side of the ship and an extra 'skin' which forms part of the defense against torpedo attack.

"From time to time, when such compartments have been opened for inspection or repainting, men have entered them without taking safety precautions (such as those in the Admiralty regulations). As a result, dangerous collapse or sudden death has been reported.

"Sometimes these disasters have been attributed to poisoning with carbon monoxid, but in the majority of instances where the case has been properly investigated no trace of carbon monoxid has been found in the victim's blood. The cause of death is generally due to acute asphyxiation—the man being 'drowned' in an atmosphere deficient in oxygen.

"A series of chemical analyses were made by the Admiralty chemists of the air in bulges and other sealed spaces. It was found that the gas in such a space might contain as much as 0.2 per cent. of carbon monoxid.

"The constituent of the paint which was responsible for this gas was the boiled linseed oil.

"A hole was drilled in the bulge of a battle-ship, which had not been opened up for two years. Large samples of air were aspirated from the bulge and transferred to a laboratory. By chemical analysis these samples contained 1.3 per cent. of oxygen and 0.03 per cent. of carbon monoxid.

"A guinea-pig was introduced directly into this atmosphere. The animal collapsed within five seconds, and was apparently unconscious. Subsequently a trace of carbon monoxid could be detected in this animal's blood.

"A sample of iron oxid paint was sealed up in a glass bottle for forty days. A mouse was then placed in the bottle. The animal gradually became sluggish and finally unconscious, and death occurred after three and one-half hours. The blood of this mouse was found to be 70 per cent. saturated with carbon monoxid.

"The sequence of events described in this report is interesting, because such a space may be considered safe because it will support the combustion of a safety lamp, whereas in reality there is present a lethal concentration of carbon monoxid.

"This inference has received startling confirmation from a recent report of two disasters in the United States Navy.

"In the first disaster three men were overcome after working in a blister of the U. S. S. *Nevada* for one and one half hours. In this case there is no question but that carbon-monoxid poisoning was the correct diagnosis.

"In the second disaster, in the U. S. S. *New York*, nine men entered an unventilated bulge; all were affected within a few minutes with symptoms which, in those that survived, were more consistent with carbon-monoxid poisoning than with oxygen deficiency, and carbon monoxid is reported to have been found in the blood of the two fatal cases.

"Altho on previous occasions carbon monoxid has been reported as a product of drying paint fumes, some chemists have not been satisfied that the technique used to demonstrate its presence was altogether above suspicion.

"In this instance, it is believed, for the first time, a chemical analysis has been independently confirmed by biologic experiments."

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Toes Straight Ahead

LEFT foot! Right foot! Up hill and down dale—over hard pavements and country roads as well as indoors, they have carried you millions of steps. If you want them to carry you several more millions of steps in comfort, a little time will be well spent considering that marvelous bit of anatomic engineering, your own foot.

And those healthy little feet of your children—keep them strong as they are now by giving your boys and girls the right kind of shoes and by teaching them to walk softly like an Indian—with toes straight ahead.

Unless all of the twenty-six bones in the foot are kept in their proper places, the long arch which extends from heel to great toe, or the short arch across the ball of the foot, may weaken, sag or fall. Pain in the foot, leg or other parts of the body will follow pressure of displaced bones against sensitive nerves.

Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, neuritis, rheumatism or pain often mistaken for kidney trouble may have their origin in the feet.

Keep strong and well, neither tilted out of proper position nor cramped by ill-fitting shoes, your foot is a sturdy support. But even if it has been badly used, a foot specialist may, by prescribing foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore it to a full measure of usefulness.

Misuse (walking with toes out)
Disuse (lack of daily exercise)
Abuse (wearing improperly fitted shoes)—cause temporary foot miseries, fallen arches and other serious injuries.

Do you stand and put your full weight first on one foot, then on the other when buying new shoes? Your foot is longer when you are standing than when you are sitting.

Shoes should have a straight inner edge and should be large enough to permit the toes to lie flat. And most important—the sole of the shoe, under the ball of your foot, should not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, the short arch may be forced down and flattened by your weight. Feel the inside of the shoe to make sure that the sole is not lower in the middle than at the sides.

When a foot is unable to carry its load uncomplainingly, knees, hips and spine suffer the consequences. A straight body, having good posture, is rarely found above weakened or distorted feet.

Send for the booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot troubles by means of intelligent corrective foot exercises. Address Booklet Dept. 332-L.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The Mightiest of Apes and Tiniest of Men

AN ENORMOUS BLACK FACE, shining "like oiled and polished leather," suddenly peered out through the shafts of the bamboos.

A hideous, almost human face, with flaring nostrils, beetling brows, and a heartbroken look of protest to high heaven against its own ugliness. Its deep-set, blazing eyes stared straight into those of a tall traveler, unarmed, who had trained a movie camera upon that particular clump of bamboos, because from it issued the loudest music of gorillas at breakfast.

That music included much smashing, cracking and tearing as well as munching, crunching, grunting, and squealing.

The breakfast menu was frugal—"they broke off young bamboo shoots, peeled the outer bark, and ate the juicy pith."

An important part of the tall traveler's mission was to obtain, with his films, synchronous records of the giant ape's voice, not to mention its smashing of bamboos and its thumps on its own resounding chest.

Illustrations from "Congorilla" (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, publishers)

Sleepyhead Okaro, the Baby Gorilla (left), and the Bright-Eyed Bee-Bee, the Chic Chimpanzee

'Twas in the forest of Mount Mikeno, Belgian Kongo, on the side of the mountain opposite to Carl Akeley's grave, and not so far up. There, the Martin Johnsons had been told by missionaries and natives, they would find gorillas more abundant than in the Akeley country, which they could visit later—and they did.

ON this last of their many big-game camera hunts, they were accompanied by George B. Dryden, of Chicago, and his son, Eastman Dryden. Their purpose was twofold—a study of the tiniest of men and of the mightiest of apes.

"With us on this Kongo *safari*," writes Mr. Johnson in "Congorilla" (Brewer, Warren and Putnam), "were Richard Maedler, sound-cameraman; Louis Tappan, in charge of the sound equipment; and DeWitt Sage, who took care of the upkeep of our cars and photograph equipment.

"Young, healthy, and with plenty of stamina, DeWitt proved a valuable companion. He was interested in natural history, and it was through his efforts and enthusiasm that we obtained some of our best gorilla material."

WHICH leads us back to the face that launched a thousand shudders, when it poked out between the bamboo. Mr. Johnson, who was working his camera at the moment, tells us that then and there he "found the source for the fabulous tales about this fearsome-looking beast." Thus:

The face was black as anything you will ever see. Framing it was black, close hair, through which round, small ears were peeping.

Two eyes stared solemnly and directly at me. There was something about those eyes that suggested an evil spirit. They seemed to be glaring right through me as tho some satanic judge of the nether world were considering the penalty for one who dared invade his forbidden precincts.

No wonder people believed these hairy creatures to be half man, half demon. That face, with its curling, sneering lips, looked cold, cruel, and murderous.

Only a few seconds I looked into those stolid, musing eyes, and in the twinkling of an eyelash the head vanished.

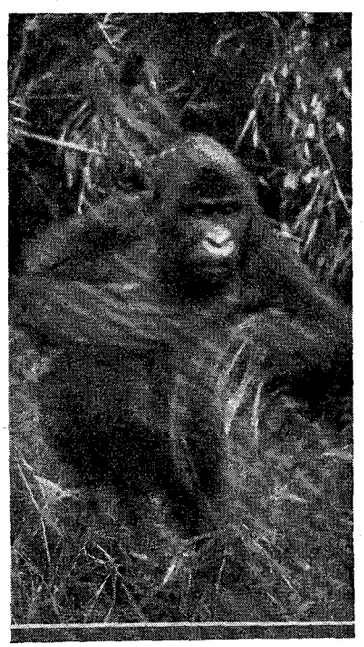
Then, suddenly, the stillness of the mountainside was broken with an ear-splitting scream that ripped through the jungle. It was followed by another and still another in a nerve-racking, blood-chilling chorus. These shrieking cries went through, around, and over us, only to hit a mountainside that hurled them back with painful echoes caused by the roaring assault.

It seemed that the demons of hell had broken through the earth's crust, ready to tear it apart and hurl the pieces into the universe.

The surprize of this horrible medley left me rigid, and it was several minutes before I regained my poise. Then, recovering my eagerness to picture these apes, I ran to another screaming bush. I did not have time to set up the camera, but I was quick enough to see another black shadow fading into the dense bamboo.

BELIEVING there was no chance for a picture, Mr. Johnson set the camera down and stept closer to the clump. "Then, not more than fifteen feet away, an enormous gorilla slowly arose on his legs, grasping vines with two black hands." And listen:

He opened his enormous mouth and aimed the most blood-curdling yell ever heard, directly at me.



He Came Screaming Out of the Jungle, Beating His Chest

I could see his red tongue and blood-red gums. Swordlike fangs were bared by the snarling lips; flanking them were teeth, huge and sharp.

Had I not known better, I would have sworn that this ape was ten feet tall and weighed a thousand pounds, so vivid was the impression. And to this day, altho I have seen many gorillas, I will swear that this snarling ape in the bamboo patch was the biggest of them all.

As I stared at that horrid face my legs were locked with the bonds of terror. I had no gun or other weapon for protection, and into my mind leaped all of the fearful gorilla stories I had ever heard.

I expected any minute to be torn limb from limb.

When the ape whirled around, dropt on all fours, and ran in the opposite direction, the spell was broken and the warm blood again coursed through my veins. It was a dramatic experience, and stamped a picture on my brain which will never be erased.

The screams continued all around. Osa and DeWitt yelled to me for the camera. Still in a trance, I ran to them, arriving just in time to see a great silverback gorilla lead several smaller ones across a fallen tree, fifty feet away, and disappear into the bush. Then all was still.

I sat down on the ground, exhausted. The

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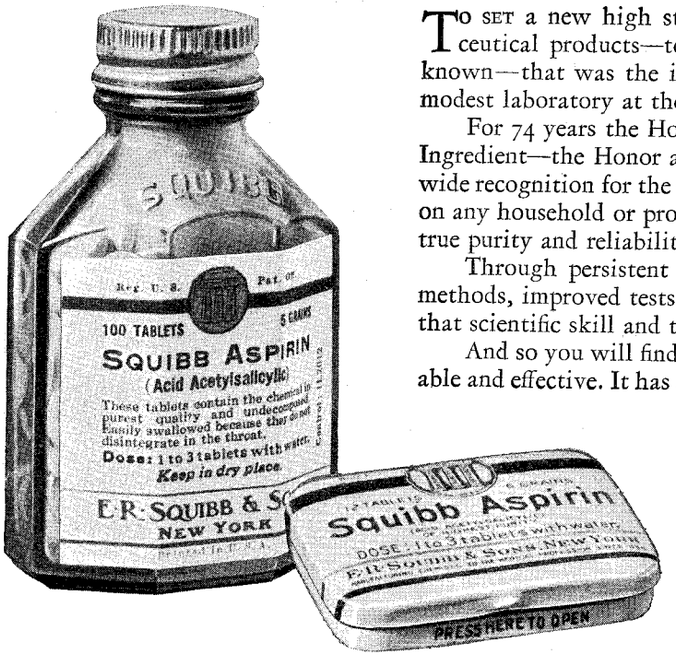
When you buy

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

you are sure of getting the utmost in purity and quality


100 TABLETS
5 GRAINS
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
(Acid Acetylsalicylic)
These tablets contain the chemical in purest quality and undecorated. Easily swallowed because they do not disintegrate in the throat.
Dose: 1 to 3 tablets with water.
Keep in dry place.
E.R. SQUIBB & S
NEW YORK
Squibb Aspirin
DOSE: 1 to 3 tablets with water
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS NEW YORK
PRESS HERE TO OPEN

To set a new high standard in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products—to make products of greater purity than had yet been known—that was the ideal of Dr. E. R. Squibb when, in 1858, he built his modest laboratory at the request of leading physicians.

For 74 years the House of Squibb has adhered to the ideal of the Priceless Ingredient—the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. That ideal has won world-wide recognition for the supremacy of Squibb Products. Today, the name Squibb on any household or professional product is recognized as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Through persistent research and the application of better manufacturing methods, improved tests and controls, Squibb Products continue to be the best that scientific skill and the most painstaking care can produce.

And so you will find Squibb Aspirin is of the highest purity—safe, dependable and effective. It has the advantage of not crumbling in the package or leaving bitter-tasting particles on the tongue. Although firmly compressed, Squibb Aspirin Tablets disintegrate quickly in water or when swallowed whole.

When your physician recommends aspirin, ask the druggist for Squibb Aspirin. You can buy it in handy metal boxes of 12 or 24 tablets, and in bottles of 50 or 100. Look for the name before you buy.

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E·R·SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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Announcing the New PACKARD

THE desire for Packard quality is as great today as it ever was. There has been no lessening in public appreciation of fine things—no decrease in the public longing to own them.

Those who have always had fine cars continue to want first-class transportation. Other thousands still hope to advance their standards in car ownership. But for two years many have felt they could not afford the cost of quality.

The new Packard Light Eight overcomes this price obstacle—answers the demand of the times. With this *entirely new car*—a car of *today,* designed expressly to fit *today's* economic conditions—Packard provides Packard quality at $1750. For the first time in our thirty-two years of fine car manufacture it is possible to offer a Packard at such a price.

The simultaneous announcement of two additional lines of Packard cars, the Light Eight, priced from $1750, and the new Twin Six, priced from $3650, at the National Automobile Shows, was evidence of Packard's determination to cover completely the fine car field in which, for a generation, it has held unquestioned leadership.

With the new Light Eight, Packard again has broadened the fine car market, again made Packard ownership—the luxury of Packard transportation—available to additional thousands. Such value in a motor car is the result of unusual conditions. Only the expectation of a very substantial volume, plus advanced engineering, new manufacturing processes and prices on fine materials which touch the pre-war levels, has made it possible.

Public response, we are confident, will enable the continuance of this price—so important to those who, accustomed to the best in transportation, have hoped to maintain their standards at lower cost.

The new Packard Light Eight, while sensationally priced, is a big, powerful, roomy car of 128 inch wheelbase, embodying all the results of Packard's long experience with successful eight-in-line designs. It is the lowest priced car with Silent Synchromesh Transmission, *quiet in all three speeds.* It embodies new Finger Control Free-Wheeling. It also presents a remarkable new Packard invention—the Angleset Rear Axle which provides lower body mounting with greater ground clearance. Our new Light Eight is a true and complete Packard—Packard in design, Packard in quality and, naturally, Packard in name.

Packard is proud of its new Light Eight. You will be proud to own it. Certainly, you should buy no car this spring at or near its price without seeing it and, above all, driving it. We promise you a *wholly new* motoring experience.

Alvan Macauley

President—PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY

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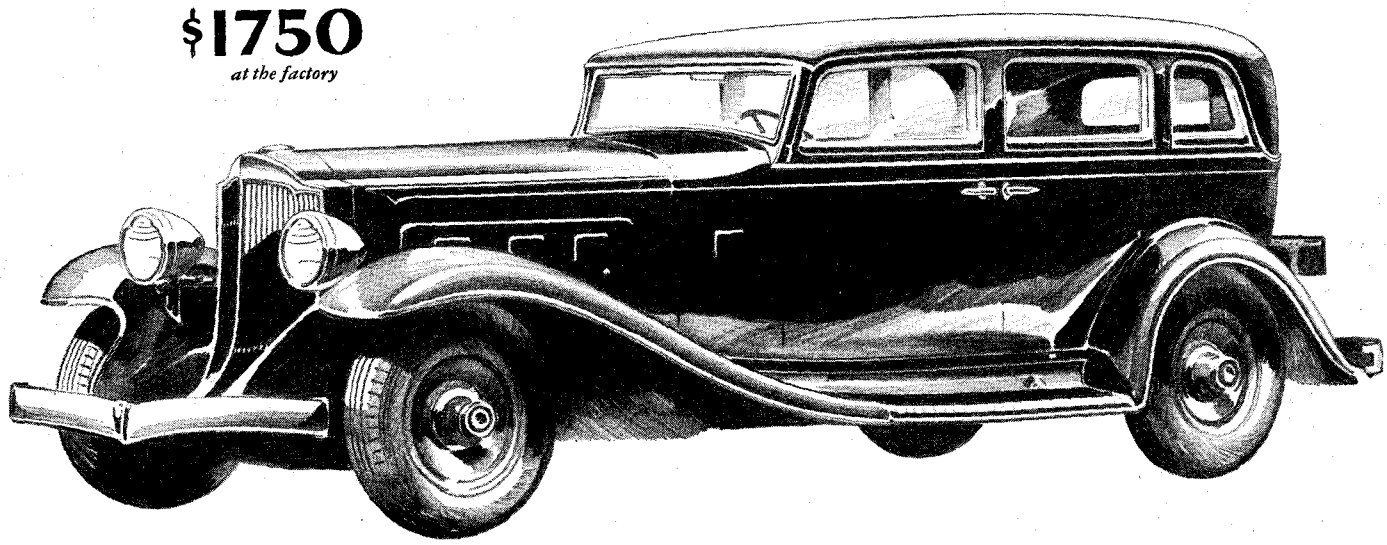
LIGHT EIGHT

Packard in design, Packard in quality and, therefore, Packard in name, the four distinguished models of the new Packard Light Eight are led by the

FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

$1750

at the factory



WITH SILENT SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION, QUIET IN ALL THREE SPEEDS

The Packard Light Eight adds a new fine car, at a new low price, to the line of famous Packard Eights. It presents to the public for the first time new achievements of Packard's engineers—Silent Synchro-mesh Transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*, Finger Control Free-Wheeling and the Angleset Rear Axle which provides these definite advantages: lower body mounting, greater ground clearance and the smooth and noiseless effect of worm drive.

The new Packard is not a small car. It is 128 inches in wheelbase and every inch a Packard. Its eight-in-line motor develops 110 horsepower—one horsepower for less than every 40 pounds of car weight. This gives the new car a surprising agility, adding to the pleasure and pride of driving both in traffic and on the open road. This favorable ratio of weight to power has been obtained without sacrifice of structural strength, as a thorough examination of the chassis will disclose. Learn particularly of the new and unusual frame design, deep and strong, but light and rigid.

Before you buy *any* new car this spring see and drive the Packard Light Eight. Its beauty is self-evident. Its ability must be experienced. Like all other new Packard cars, it has the original Ride Control—a system including shock absorbers instantly adjustable from the dash. The new Light Eight comes to you complete with equipment often added to the list prices of other cars—bumpers, shatterproof glass and six-ply tires. Why not see your Packard dealer today and arrange to be one of the first to own this remarkable new car?

* * * *

The new Packard Light Eight Series cars include the five-passenger Sedan pictured above, the Coupe Sedan, the two-four-passenger Coupe, and the Coupe Roadster.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY

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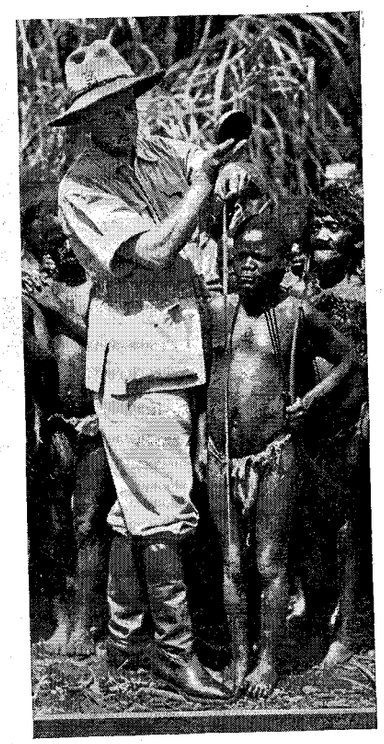
experience had sapped my strength. It was the most exciting moment of my life.

I had been twelve feet from death on the tusks of a maddened elephant; withstood charges of thundering rhinos, and stood in the path of raging lions, but nothing had stamped a scene on my imagination so sharply etched as that wild ape of the mountain.



The Pigmies' Average Height Is Less Than Four Feet

As the tension was relieved I began to recall in detail the scene I had beheld.

First of all, I remembered that black head was tinged with gray.

Next the fangs and teeth. They were discolored, and in appearance like those of a lion.

The fingers of the hands were short and stumpy in comparison to the animal's general build. The arms were of enormous girth and strength.

The belly was large and puffed out, and on it his head appeared to rest. In my hurried examination, the animal seemed to have no neck.

His hair was woolly, like that of a Teddy Bear, and the most prominent feature of all was the large brow protruding over solemn eyes sunken above that polished leather face. It is strange that all these details remain so clear. I shall never take a photograph as sharp in outline as this mind-picture of the gorilla.

Osa and DeWitt also had thrilling experiences with gorillas. When we first came upon the animals they were beside me, but their attention had been distracted. Several of the aroused gorillas had run from a clump of bush, directly toward them, only to turn and flee to cover. We all wanted to talk at once as we sat down to compare notes and eat lunch. All agreed that gorilla camera-hunting was the most thrilling sport of all.

"I wouldn't have missed this day for a million dollars," said DeWitt.

"All of our big-game adventures are as nothing to the thrills I've had to-day," was Osa's comment.

BEFORE daybreak, we read in the next chapter, the Batwa pigmies, the tiny folk the Johnsons wanted to study as much as the great apes, "found gorillas near camp, and we were up and off to an early start. Twenty-five minutes out we came upon the gorillas' encampment of the previous night." And then:

Five minutes later we found them, when one of the Batwas stopt us and pointed to the branches of a tree fifty feet distant. There we saw a couple of gorillas, about half-grown, breaking branches and nibbling on buds at the ends of them.

I made a few feet of film, but the gorillas were concealed by the foliage, and I got nothing of importance.

Attracted by a noise at the foot of the tree, I saw an ancient silverback gorilla feeding on leaves dropt by the younger pair.

Unfortunately, the big fellow saw me as I was getting around the tree, and once more the unearthly chorus began. The youngsters, in their haste to escape, nearly fell from the tree-top. The old silverback made a rush toward us. Osa and DeWitt stood with guns ready, knowing that fast action would be required if he came on. The underbrush was so dense that the gorilla would have been within leaping distance of us before they could get a shot at him.

The old fellow really did not relish trouble, I believe. He made several starts toward us, creating a devil of a racket all the while, and then retreated, screaming as he went.

When quiet was restored we took up the trail and were pushing along with no thought of danger when, without noise or warning, four full-grown gorillas appeared coming toward us.

There was not a chance of taking pictures because the vegetation was so thick. We could see the four apes, however, as they milled around in the bamboo.

For more than an hour this unholy crew defied and threatened us. Every time I got down on my hands and knees in preparation to creep forward with an Eyemo camera, the gorillas anticipated my movements and rushed at me, coming just far enough so that I could see them, but not close enough for a picture.

After a rush they would retire and remain hidden without a sound until I made another attempt to near them. Each time a dash in my direction, then a rapid turn and retirement.

It was like a game of hide and seek.

HERE Mr. Johnson explains conscientiously that, altho he referred to these four gorillas as being full grown, they were not real old-timers, because they had no silver on their backs. "As the days went on we learned to guess closely at the age of apes we saw." Thus:

The youngsters, up to three years or so, were covered with thick wool, which concealed their features in the dim jungle light. They looked like pot-bellied bundles of black fur.

On becoming older they began to take a more characteristic appearance, their physique developing along symmetrical lines.

The hair began to lie smooth, and by the time they were husky brutes in the prime of life they took on a sleek, powerful aspect.

The next stage of life was that of the old silverback, crusty and crabbed, difficult to get along with. Fur on their backs and heads was so gray that it sometimes looked like silver. Some of these fellows were more than six feet tall, and probably weighed around 500 pounds.

We were a droll procession as we crawled along. DeWitt, in the lead, carried two .45 caliber revolvers, making it necessary for him to wiggle along on his elbows. I followed with an Eyemo camera strapt to my right wrist, also using my elbows most of the time. Then came Osa with her rifle, followed by our gun boy.

At the slightest noise we would all stop, some with leg or arm poised in the air, closely resembling a group of bird dogs.

A half-hour of this and we concluded that the gorillas had vanished, so we summoned our guides from the rear, where they usually were to be found. They harbored a healthy fear of the hairy ape, and did not care who knew it.

A lively incident is the capture of those two half-grown gorillas, afterward named Ingagi and Congo, and brought to America with other items of the Martin Johnson family zoo. Concerning which Mr. Johnson's final word is:

"Again I say, I regret having brought these animals to civilization. I will never send another into captivity."

Half Stunned by the Felling of Their Tree, Ingagi and Congo Were Easily Trussed Up Like This

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Here's One Boy Who's Apt to Keep Away From Canyons

SHIVERING with cold and fear, a ten-year-old boy was perched precariously on a nine-inch ledge, clinging to a bush.

He was 500 feet above the floor of Eaton Canyon, "a jagged gash between mountains," near Altadena, California.

Harold Sender had been trapt by a landslide in the course of an afternoon's amateur exploration with his pal, Johnny Swafford.

Now John, with adult aid, was struggling up the steep canyon walls to rescue his chum; and Harold's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sender, sat in their car at the canyon's mouth, powerless to act, frozen with terror.

Through their minds ran this constant thought, according to an account by A. L. Wooldridge in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine:

"Can he stand the strain under stiffening muscles until daylight comes? Or can men pick their way up the side of that treacherous wall, daring death, to effect his rescue?"

Mr. Sender looked at his watch.

"Eleven-thirty!" he remarked.

No word had come from the rescuing party within the canyon, Mr. Wooldridge tells us, continuing:

Presumably, the boy still was clinging to his ledge—clinging, unless his strength had given out and his body had slumped, then rolled and bounced to a little heap over jagged rocks, then sunk in the waters of the stream. The place where he had his precarious foothold could not be seen.

No more dramatic situation has been recorded in the mountain section of Southern California in years than this effort to rescue an imperiled lad from the brink of death. Certain residents of the exclusive Altadena residential district, a suburb of Pasadena, will long remember it.

HAROLD and Johnny had left school that afternoon ready for play.

"Let's hike into the canyon, Johnny," Harold suggested. "Let's go way up to the second falls. We got a lotta time. C'mon!"

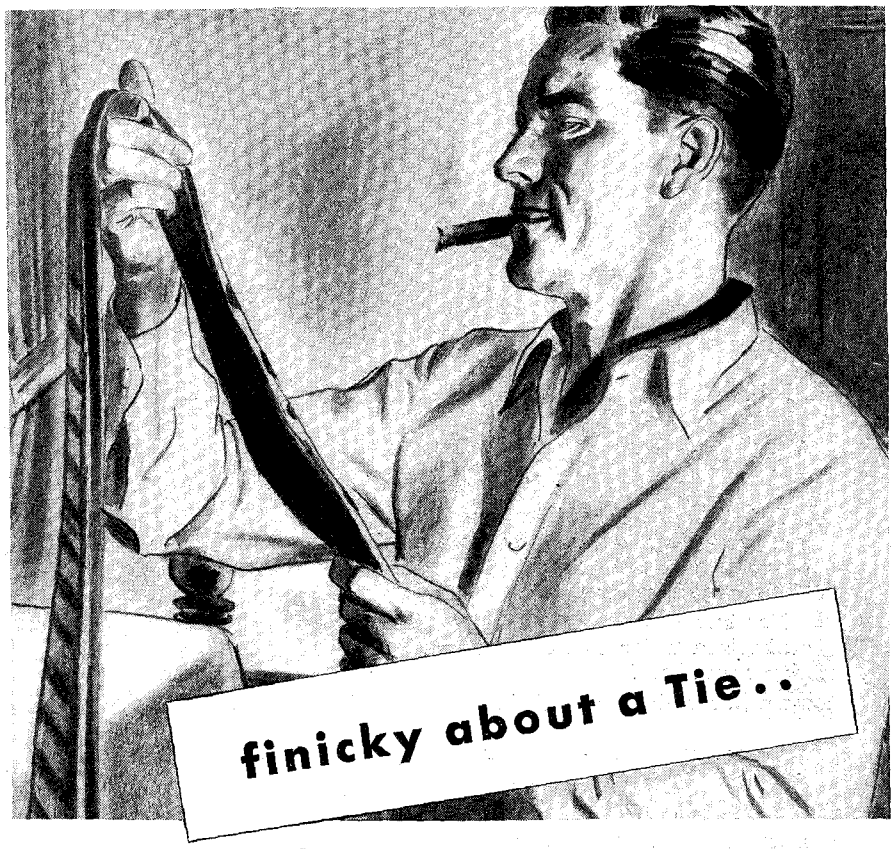
Then, as we read on in Mr. Wooldridge's graphic account of the near tragedy:

The two youngsters, ruddy with the glow of health, swung away from the school-grounds and hit for the most picturesque, as well as one of the wildest, canyons in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, a bit more than a mile away.

Winter rains had washed away the soil from beneath a fence built to block entrance to the canyon, and the lads went in without hindrance. Once upon a time a trail was there, used by Indians to ascend the cliffs, but non-use and erosion virtually had wiped it out, and only in spots is it visible.

But the boys followed it, past one waterfall, by clinging to jutting rock and an occasional mesquite bush until they reached a level landing, where they rested. Then they took up the trail again—up, up, carefully picking their way until they reached the base of the second waterfall, where a

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

THE color and set of your necktie may make a difference to *somebody* you meet in the course of a day—but the condition of your teeth and gums is going to make a BIG difference to YOU!

As a child, your gums were as hard as a dollar baseball. But milk, oatmeal, and spinach gave them no stimulation—and tender meats, vegetables and soft desserts refuse them stimulation.

That's why your gums became lazy and touchy. That's why you have "pink tooth brush" or aren't *far* from having it.

And "pink tooth brush" is one thing that you cannot safely ignore. It often leads to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, and to Vincent's disease. Sometimes it even threatens teeth which now are sound.

You can improve the condition of your gums within a month, if you'll start now with Ipana and massage.

Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those soft gums of yours. Let it stay on your gums.

In a few days you'll see a big difference in your *teeth*. They'll be whiter and brighter—and *cleaner*. And before you've used up one tube of Ipana, your gums will be decidedly firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage regularly, and you can forget "pink tooth brush"!

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

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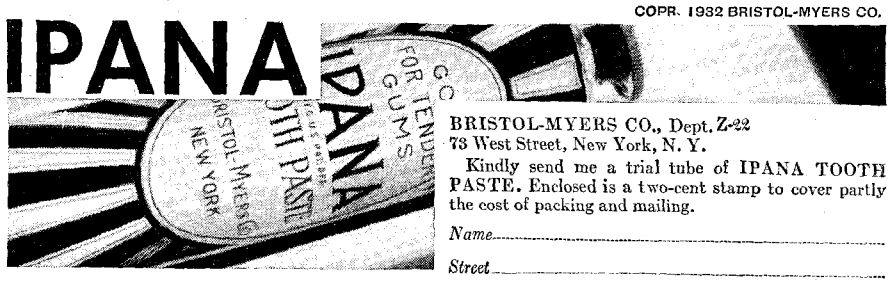

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

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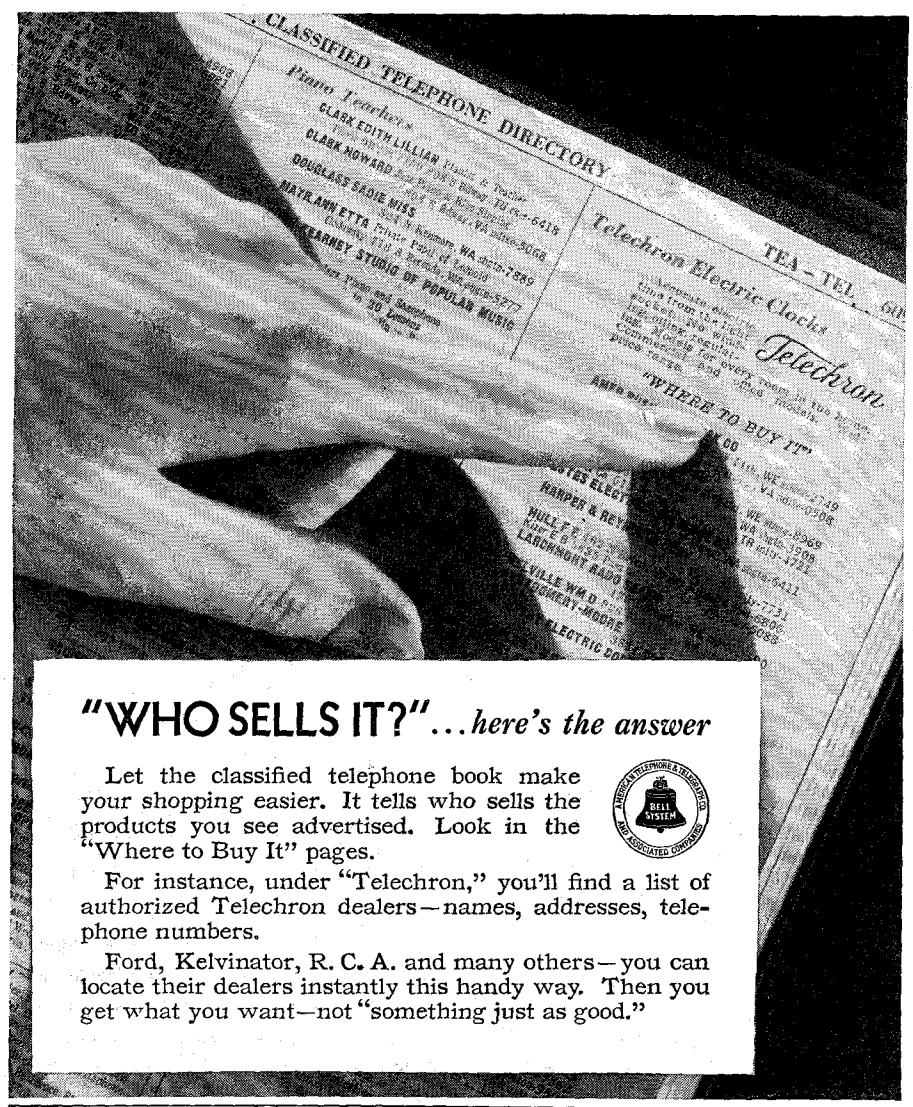

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Let the classified telephone book make your shopping easier. It tells who sells the products you see advertised. Look in the "Where to Buy It" pages.

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As the El Paso *Times* says, this book "is a help to every one who reads and speaks the English Language." No other work includes such a collection of modern war phrases, battle songs and poems. It is an indispensable work to writers, teachers, lawyers, lovers, preachers, politicians and students.

The Portland Oregonian calls it "as valuable as a dictionary or an encyclopedia."

Booth Tarkington, the author, says: "It seems to me the most useful and best contrived book of its kind ever published."

Rear-Admiral Sims says the book is "indispensable to any one who may at any time wish to make use of quotations from various authors and prominent men, and who wishes to insure accuracy in such quotations."

Royal 8vo, 1,374 pages. Cloth, $7.50; buckram, $8.50; three-quarter Morocco, $12.50; full Morocco, $15. (Add 75c for patent thumb index.) Postage, 30c extra.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

ladder, creaky from disuse, ascends nearly a hundred feet to another landing.

Undaunted and apparently unafraid, the youngsters tackled it and gained the top. Just ahead were beds of shale and a precipitous wall, and beyond them the peak from which a firebreak cut back to the valley. And home.

Twilight, unnoticed, was beginning to gather as the boys began that final climbing. From ledge to ledge they slowly and carefully crept—a perilous task few men would have attempted. Johnny Swafford, a swarthy lad, led the way.

Up, up and still up they went, to where they appeared as mere pigmies from the floor of the canyon. Like miniature human flies, they found hand-holds and footings which, viewed now, seemed unsurmountable.

But they kept on. It was too late to retrace their steps. They had to get over the top to the firebreak before dark.

"Comin'?" called Johnny.

"Sure!" Harold replied.

They clawed away on the wall and over the shale. Four hundred and seventy-five feet, approximately, they had gone, zigzagging their way from one hand-hold or foot-hold to another. And then—

THERE occurred that slight, almost negligible mishap which so often is the forerunner of tragedy. Now, we read:

Johnny Swafford stept on a loosened stone, the only one which had enabled him to climb to another niche, and—it gave way, crashing to the floor of the canyon and causing miniature rock slides, which rubbed out hand-holds which had been used on the way up.

There Harold Sender stood, marooned on a ledge not more than nine inches wide, unable to go forward, unable to turn back, the top of the precipice 125 feet away.

The boy saw Johnny Swafford climb until he disappeared from sight over a higher ledge. And then there was silence as night came on, with its cold and terrifying blackness.

Near his hand a little mesquite bush had sent the tentacles of its roots into crevices and had managed to live. Holding on to this, Harold managed to turn around and put his back to the wall.

There he braced himself on the ledge to wait.

Johnny Swafford kept going. He knew his playmate was helpless. With his strength waning, he tugged desperately ahead, foot by foot, niche to niche. He had to make it.

The sun was just sinking away off in the Pacific Ocean when he pulled himself over the top and raced for the firebreak. He kept on running until he got to town.

"Harold's trapt on the Eaton Canyon cliff!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "He can't get out."

Word of the lad's predicament was told to his father, who frantically called the Sheriff's substation, just a few blocks away.

" . . . It must be done to-night—must be done now!" he pleaded. "There's a chance. Some one must try."

Deputy Sheriffs Sherman and Lindamood are both big men—in the 200-pound class. Could they maneuver their greater bulk and weight up the cliff-side, where the boys had scrambled catlike?

They looked at each other.

Then said Sherman:

"I'll go!"

"So will I," replied his running mate.

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Johnny Swafford was given some food, the deputies tested their flash-lights, procured a coil of rope, and at seven o'clock in the evening went into the black canyon, guided by the ten-year-old lad.

That night was one of terror to Mr. and Mrs. Sender. In that rugged black canyon, they knew, the Sheriff's deputies were trying, but that was all. There were no rays visible from the officers' flash-lights. There was no means of communicating with them to learn how they were getting along. Eleven-thirty came, then midnight. One o'clock, two o'clock, the hours dragging as tho centuries.

At 12:30 in the morning, away up on the cliff, the rescuers heard a child's voice cry. They redoubled their efforts. A bit farther on, they heard the call again.

"Are you coming?" Harold's voice asked.

"We're coming, lad!" Sherman replied. "Hold on!"

But a solid, perpendicular wall of rock projected between them. Up they still must go, until they were above the periled youth.

At four o'clock in the morning, the shivering form of Harold Sender was hauled up to the brow of the cliff and grasped in an officer's arms. Next came the dead-tired little Johnny Swafford, scarcely able to stand. There followed the burly figures of Sherman and Lindamood, their clothing in shreds and blood flowing from scores of wounds gashed in their bodies by sharp edges of rock. Silently, the party started making its way down the firebreak.

"I want a drink of water," said Harold Sender. "I'm so thirsty!"

At a hydrant on the way out he drank and drank until stopt. As he emerged and came in sight of his parents, his father gave a cry of joy.

His mother promptly fainted.

What were his first words to them? Who couldn't guess!

"I'm hungry!" he said.

For Your Basket-Ball Dope-Book

BASKET-BALL is one of the fastest of all sports, but it is not so strenuous as many have believed, according to a United Press dispatch by George Kirksey.

Coach Everett Dean of Indiana, according to this writer, has compiled some interesting statistics from a number of games. The teams involved in the games were Indiana, Notre Dame, Purdue, Northwestern, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and Pittsburgh.

Coach Dean's statistics reveal:

There are a total of 108 interruptions in the average basket-ball game.

The actual playing time of an entire game is 29 minutes, 30 seconds.

The longest playing periods without stops average 2 minutes, 22 seconds.

The shortest playing period without a stop is one second.

There are twenty-two fouls in the average game.

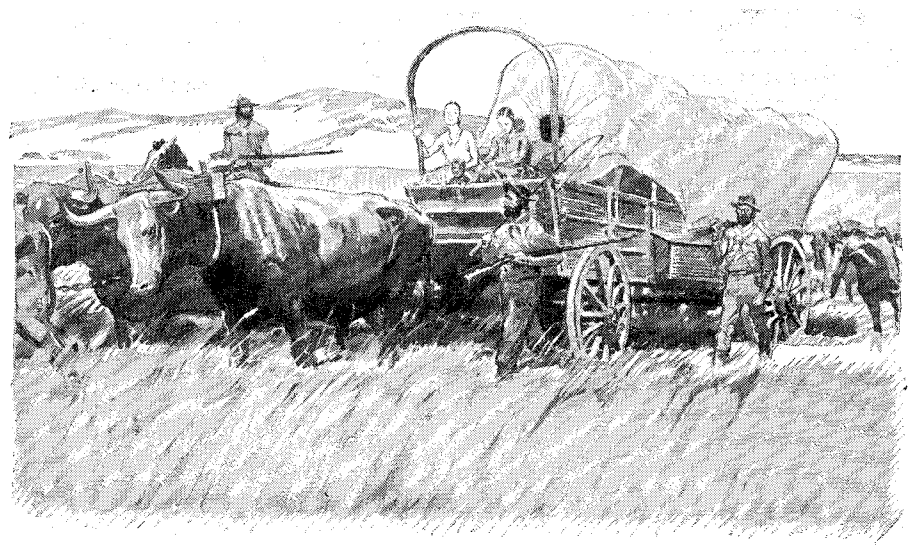
There are nineteen jump balls in the average game.

There are thirty-one center jumps in the average game.

The average number of free throws is fourteen.

The average number of out-of-bounds is thirty-eight.

Eighteen baskets are the average number scored per game.



The Electric Clock that pioneered the way to Correct Time

BEFORE grain fields could sweep across miles of prairie, before villages could rise from the wilderness, there had to be hardy pioneers.

Before clocks could measure minutes with a tiny electric motor instead of spring or pendulum, there had to be the pioneering work of Henry E. Warren. He invented the Telechron Master Clock which is used to regulate the current generated at your power house. He invented the Telechron self-starting, synchronous clock which translates that current into accurate, trouble-free time in your home or office.

Together, his inventions make more than a million households run more smoothly and efficiently. Telechron never needs winding—or oiling, regulating. Telechron is silent as stardust.

Check the clocks in your home right now. If they all agree, it's a miracle. If they don't agree, it's time to get a Telechron! But be sure it has "Telechron" on the dial—the name that identifies it with the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. There's a dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in the Classified Telephone Directory. He'll be glad to show you attractive models designed for every room in your home.

Silent models are priced as low as $5.50. The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $22.75 to $650.

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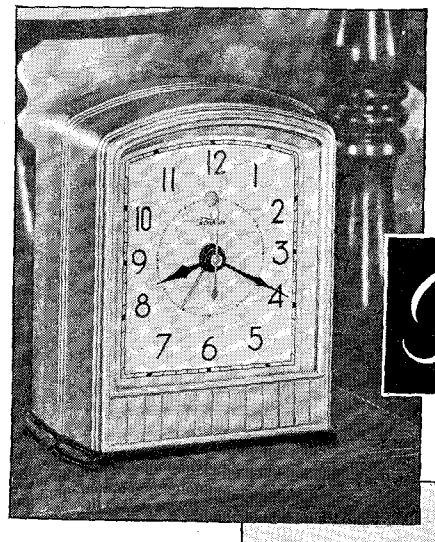
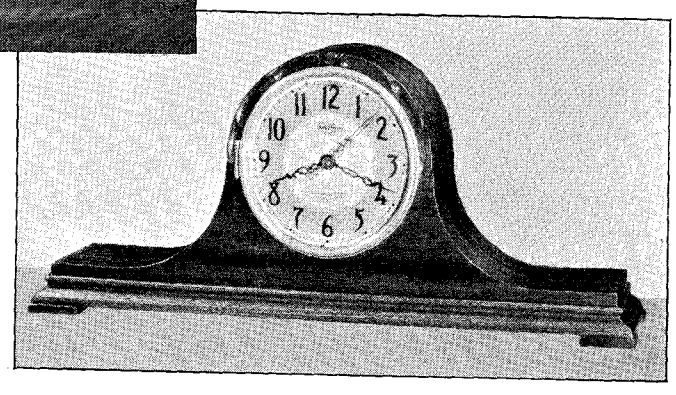


Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

(Above) TELALARM—Non-tarnishing case. Pleasant alarm. $8.50. With illuminated dial, $9.95. Also in Ivory, Green, Blue and Orchid, $8.95.



(Right) R-816 — For your mantel. Sheraton—Colonial design. Walnut case. 18" wide. Raised numerals. Mellow WESTMINSTER chimes, $35.

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This new pictorial story, "Guarding Against Profit Thieves," has a message for every business executive. You can have your copy without obligation by just filling out the coupon above.

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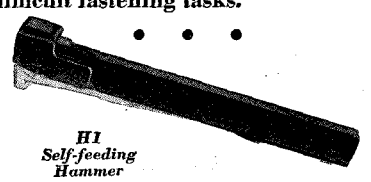

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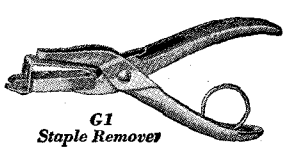

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BOSTITCH
THE MODERN METHOD OF FASTENING

How Edgar Wallace "Climbed Out of the Mud"

"BRITAIN'S second largest industry."

"The Ford of literature."

"The one-man novel factory."

"The laureate of crime."

Big, burly, bluff Edgar Wallace, with his colossal literary industry—his 160 novels, his two dozen plays, his hundreds upon hundreds of articles, and his innumerable columns of newspaper comment on the turf and the drama, his total book sales of probably 10,000,000 copies—inspired hyperbole. But when this most prolific of modern writers, so recently dead in California, regarded himself in his mirror, his comment was less inflated, and he called himself "an atom that climbed out of the thick mud which clogs the feet of the battling millions."

His biography is such a success story as the public loves. He attained his ultimate eminence from such humble beginnings as are outlined by a writer who tells us in the New York *Sun* that when Wallace "was about nine years old his father and mother both died, and he was adopted by a fish porter, who lived in Billingsgate, a man named Freeman, and a character. He was a tall, powerful man with an Abraham Lincoln beard. Freeman already had two sons, but he was a humane man and practical Christian, so he took the orphan in and brought him up the best he could.

International

Writing Was Too Slow, So Wallace Talked His Countless Tales of Blood and Thunder

"Twice a year, and twice only, Wallace's foster-father got drunk and fought all comers, but otherwise he was hard-working and peaceful." Reading on:

In the Billingsgate atmosphere Wallace grew up. He sold newspapers in front of the very Press Club of which he was to be president. He watched his drunken foster-brothers fight policemen. He worked in the fish market from crack of dawn till dusk. He saw and mixed with thieves and broken men and all the riffraff of the London East Side. It was an experience he never forgot. It was an atmosphere that crept into countless novels.

HE became the jolly, red-cheeked, well-fed English type, to borrow further from this writer, who continues:

His hair, which had become quite gray, was getting very thin on top. His forehead bulged above blue-gray eyes. His face was round, with full cheeks and jowls. His mouth was straight and firm, and the corners turned down a little. He looked like a successful actor, or a church dignitary accustomed to good living. He had none of the look of the hard worker, for it was his habit to take things easily. He smoked cigarets pretty continuously, from an amazingly long holder, black and polished. It never left his hand as he talked, and he waved it like a wand when he became interested in talk.

His appeal seemed almost universal. King George, we are assured, followed his output, both literary and dramatic. When Wallace died, Ramsay MacDonald, from his own sick-bed, sent condolences. That almost mythical creature, the Tired Business Man, pricked up his ears at the mention of the novelist's name.

His death could hardly have come at a more ironic time. He lay suddenly and desperately ill in Beverly Hills, where he had gone to write for motion-pictures, and to send back home to the London *Daily Mail* amusing sketches of life in the land of movies.

AT the same moment thousands of miles away in London a smart first-night crowd had gathered at Wyndham's for the first performance of his latest play, "The Green Pack." It was, says a United Press dispatch, "a typical Wallace thriller of villainous intrigue and murder for the possession of a gold-mine in Portuguese Africa.

"Sir Gerald Du Maurier, producer-actor, in the principal rôle, learned of Wallace's critical condition only a few hours before the performance, and afterward made a curtain speech.

"'The evening in part has been spoiled

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for me,' he told the audience. 'I hope you will allow me to send out to him on your behalf a message of hope for his recovery, and say we liked his play.'"

The message was sent, and then, only a little while later, came the word of the author's death.

There are two opinions about Wallace. Some see him as plain hack, but most critics grant the vast amount of amusement he gave his readers, and estimate him as entertainer pure and simple.

He was "the elder Dumas of our day," according to E. B. Osborn in the London *Morning Post*. He had a genius for high-speed story-telling. His death takes away part of the London background, remarks Douglas West in the London *Daily Mail*, and in *The Daily Herald*, Hannan Swaffer writes:

> Good-natured and kindly tho he was, he would quarrel with actors, managers, and producers older than himself. Many who will go to his memorial service have been subject to frank, brutal words by Edgar. He was a splendid journalist, and he was in many ways a fine dramatist, and in some ways a first-class author.

AMERICAN comment lists Wallace frankly with other famous fashioners of thrillers. If he had "written his mystery tales fifty years ago," comments Harry Hansen in his New York *World-Telegram* column, "The First Reader," "they would have sold for a dime and been issued in paper covers. You and I would have read them in the hayloft, in dire fear of father's razor strap. As it happened, the dime novel, like prize-fighting, became respectable and sold for $2. And as a first-rate hack, Wallace shoveled them out."

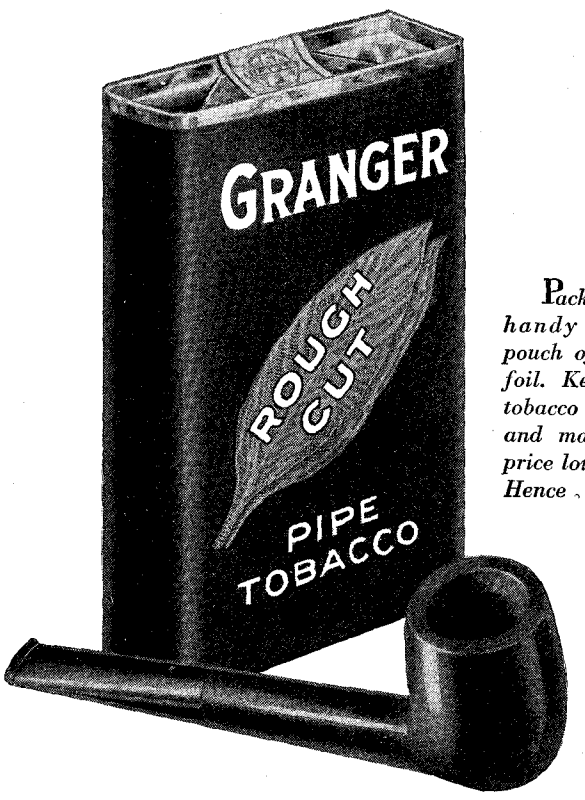
An editorial in the New York *Sun*, however, is less severe, telling us:

> It would be difficult to name any modern writer who has contributed as much pleasure to those who "read for the story" as Edgar Wallace.
>
> He poured forth a flood of books almost as rapidly as his followers could absorb them. His production outdid that of Trollope, who wrote 2,500 words before breakfast every day, and even rivaled that of Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey, who turned out 30,000 words weekly on the adventures of Nick Carter.
>
> Trollope used a pen, Dey a typewriter, Wallace a dictaphone. He would have half a dozen tales of mystery "on the fire" at once, turning from one to another as the plots formed in his fertile mind. The number and variety of his criminals and their detectors were amazing. And he could depict character; the tales about *J. G. Reeder* prove that. His short stories built about *Commissioner Sanders* are reminiscent of the early Kipling.

"Wallace wrote faster than most men think," and when at last his brain outstript his hand, he resorted to a dictating machine. He drew upon "a headful of dreams and an astounding reservoir of experience gathered as a London newspaper reporter and as a shrewd observer of life." Of the success with which he used this equipment, the *Sun* writer whose

"Look daddy..."

The only pipe smoker who doesn't like it, is the one who never tried it!



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MUSCULAR ACHES! PAINS!

STOP THEM QUICK, OR THEY MAY STOP YOUR PAY CHECK

YOU may be able to take the punishment of aching muscles but, in times like these, can you afford to be laid up and take time off from work to nurse them back to normal comfort?

It's needless to suffer from most muscular ailments . . . especially since it's so easy to get relief. Simply douse Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles and rub, massage it in. Quick to act, it is so soothing, so relieving. And soon you are rewarded with the peaceful relaxation that comes with blessed freedom from throbbing pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief.

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Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

biographical sketch we have already quoted, says:

No living writer, including the novelists and the playwrights, enjoyed the popularity which he achieved in the British Isles, and few authors sold better in this country. In England his picture was as well known as the photographs of royalty.

More than 6,000,000 copies of his crime stories have been sold in Great Britain and Ireland, and it is impossible to say how many in the United States and other countries. Probably enough to run the total to 10,000,000.

His tremendous success came at a bound—a phenomenal thing.

Up to then he was a serial journalist turning out enormous quantities of words at the rate of $15 a thousand. Then, in an idle moment, at least within a few relatively idle hours, he wrote a play called "The Ringer"—a detective play, of course, with all of the fast moving, tricky Wallace construction.

London went wild over it, and within a few months he found he was getting $25,000, and even $50,000 for a serial—later to be published as a novel—for which previously he had gladly accepted $2,500—the newer output being no better or worse than the former. "The Ringer," which he wrote in three days, had done the trick. Everybody wanted to see "Ringer" plays and read "Ringer" stories, and Wallace was the only man who could satisfy the demand.

SOME of Wallace's associations, as we have seen, were with the social dregs of whom he wrote. But early in life he made his initial contact with journalism. Like so many other famous men, he started as a newsboy, went from that to work in a printing plant, and finally, developing a taste for the military, enlisted and was sent out to Africa. In Cape Town he met his literary idol, Kipling, and was encouraged by him. Now he applied for and received his discharge, and served, during the Boer War, as correspondent for a Cape Town paper. After that he went back to London and worked for Northcliffe as a reporter on *The Daily Mail*. This graphic sketch in *The Sun* runs on:

He covered all sorts of assignments, and learned to write anywhere, at any time, under all sorts of conditions. He covered murder trials and observed that a jury, bringing in a verdict of guilty against a man, would not look at the poor wretch. He covered the Algeciras Conference, covered the wedding of Alfonso of Spain and the Princess Victoria of England, and the bomb explosion that occurred during that event. His service with *The Daily Mail* came to an end when he libeled a naval officer. Northcliffe, however, cautioned him to stick to journalism. "You'll never be worth a shilling at anything else," said the magnate.

Wallace worked for *The Daily Telegraph* as racing editor, and then went to cover the war for the Birmingham *Morning Post*. After the Great War he turned all his energy loose in writing serials for the newspapers and the magazines—crime and detective stories, with now and then a racing yarn, for his interest in racing amounted to a passion. Slowly his income rose, but real success did not come until he rang the bell of public favor with his sensational play, "The Ringer."

Relieve your cold — use Vapex before you go out

Cold

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Snap-shots From the Winter Olympics

TWO rugged sportsmen, hardened by strenuous years on ice and snow, brought their bob-sled into position.

They pushed it forward. It began to move. It was under way.

Then, and not until then, according to one account, did they spring aboard and flash down the glasslike, slippery bob-run on Mount Van Hoevenberg at Lake Placid.

Clear the way for Hubert and Curtis Stevens and their two-man bob!

Now they are shooting like greased lightning down the hill. Swinging into White Face turn, writes Harry Cross in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "Hubert Stevens, driving, felt that the sled was going too fast. He feared that it might get away from him. His strong arms swung the steering-wheel as he raced off the ice embankment. The sled began to skid. That was dangerous. It took all the strength of the driver's arms and knees to right the swaying sled in the straightaway, and the flight down the slide continued past Cliffside, and approaching Shady Corner. From the start, Curtis Stevens was bobbing continually in and out of the turns, urging the sled along. It was going fast and was riding the banks smoothly. Stevens never took his mind from the spot which he knew to be the correct drive line on this course he knows so well." Reading on:

Down through Zigzag the sled went tearing along, gaining speed each time his brakeman brother bobbed. The sled took the dangerous curve like a flash, but it was under the iron control of its driver. All the way down the excitement of the crowd increased as the time at each corner was announced.

The sled was seconds ahead of the time of the Swiss. Streaking over the line, Stevens had cracked another record in his frantic effort to pick up time on the Swiss leaders. This time the ride was so fast that it broke through the two-minute barrier. The crowd surged around the Stevens brothers at the finish, yelling itself mad when it was announced that the time was 1:59.69. The record made by the Swiss only a short time before was gone, and the United States team was now only about half a second behind the time of the wild racers from the Alps.

On the last heat, the Stevens sled started down before the Swiss sled. Everything hinged on this ride, and the Stevens brothers realized it. Again they heated the runners of their sled, for with the chill gone, the snow does not stick to the steel. The warmed metal is helpful in getting away to a fast start. After that it does not make much difference.

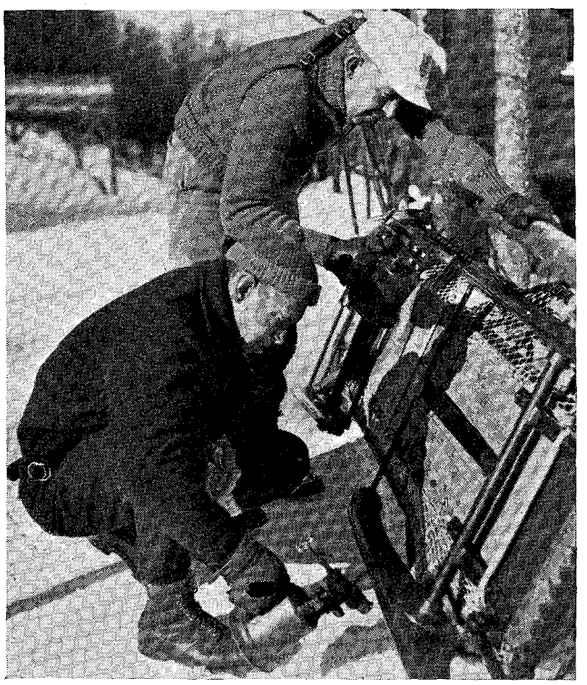
Then came one of those moments in sport competition when a crowd becomes nervous, almost hysterical with anxiety. When the order came to clear the track, that the Stevens team was about to make its final dash for victory, spectators jostled and shoved each other in the stands and along the rails from the top of the slide to the bottom.

What Hubert Stevens did at the wheel on this ride, and what his brother, Curtis, did in bobbing the sled along resulted in a wild ride down the course which stirred up so much emotion that the spectators were becoming rude in their efforts to get advantageous places at the rails.

The stop-watch record of the sled on its record-breaking rush shows that Hubert Stevens reached Eyrie turn in just 28 seconds, he hit the high banks of White Face turn in 50 flat. He had skidded here on his first drive, but he did not make the same mistake twice. The sled blazed through the high turn and into the straightaway without a hitch.

THUS a pair of Americans with steel and concrete nerves won the two-man bob-sled event in the recent winter Olympics at Lake Placid. In addition, they won the world championship, hitherto raced in Europe and held by Hans Kilian of Germany. The United States sled, continues Mr. Cross, "in outspeeding the world's best, made the phenomenally fast time of 1:57.68, the swiftest pace a two-man sled ever has traveled. The Stevens team won the Olympic event with the fastest aggregate time for four heats, 8:14.74, with the Swiss team second, with 8:16.28. The second United States sled, driven by Jack Heaton, was third, with 8:29.15."

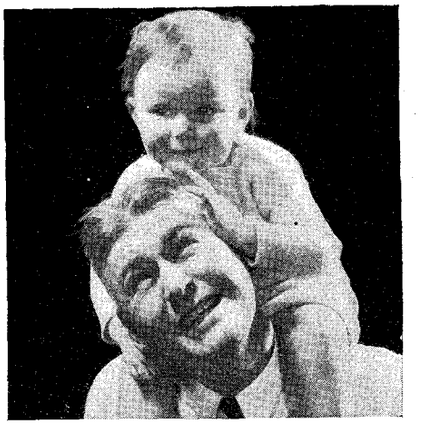
The United States emerged victorious



International

Ready to Burn Up the Course

The Stevens brothers applying a blow-torch to their sled-runners before one of their dashes down Mount Van Hoevenberg. The heating, we are told, prevents the gathering of snow, which would decrease speed.



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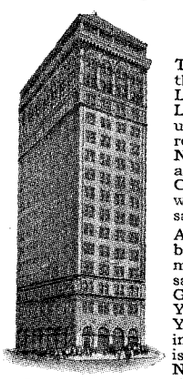

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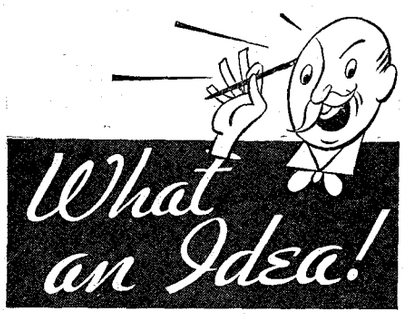


What an Idea!

Send contributions! Things-to-do with pencils, jokes, etc. We'll give a shiny new $5 gold piece for every one we print in this column. American Pencil Company, Dept. A, 212 Fifth Ave., New York City.

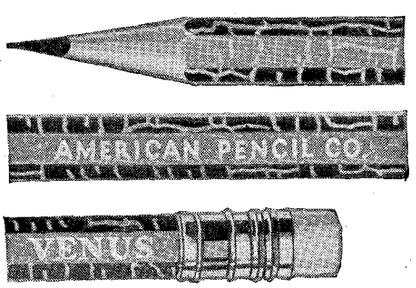
Willie: *"Gee, Ma, I wish't I had bigger ears."*
Mother: *"Land sakes, why do you want bigger ears?"*
Willie: *"They'd be better to put pencils behind!"*

WHEN IS A PENCIL NOT A PENCIL?

When it's full of grit and it scratches . . . or if the lead is too brittle and it breaks . . . or if the wood is poor, and it's hard to sharpen evenly . . . THEN, folks . . . is when a pencil is not a pencil, but a NUISANCE. (Moral: Use Velvet . . . the 5c pencil *as is a pencil.*)

Be Fussy!

If you're the kind of man that insists on center-row orchestra seats, that hates to have his name misspelled, that won't read the wrong newspaper, then you're made for us — and Venus is made for you. You're *why* we make 17 different shades of black in that famous 10-cent pencil. Seventeen — count 'em — from *very, very* soft to *very, very* hard—just so you can write with the exact—not the approximate —shade of black that suits your hand-pressure, your character, your mood. So when you have a thought to put on paper, give it the world's smoothest thought conveyer — a *Venus Pencil!*



17 SHADES OF BLACK

VENUS Pencils 10c

from these winter sports which serve as a sort of appetizer for the Olympics at Los Angeles next summer. But Uncle Sam's victory was unofficial, for the point-scoring system used by correspondents reporting the events was devised by them for their own convenience. Nevertheless, it seems to have worked very well.

On this 10-5-4-3-2-1 basis, according to the New York *Times*, the United States piled up 103 points; Norway, 77; Canada, 49; Sweden, 28; Finland, 25; Austria, 15; Germany, 12; France, 10; Switzerland, 9; Hungary, 7; Roumania, 4; Poland, 3; Italy, 3; Belgium, 1; Czecho-Slovakia, 1.

And, for those of our readers who are statistically minded, we append the event-by-event results, as listed in *The Times*, but somewhat rearranged:

Wide World

Grottumsbraaten's Great Leap to Victory and Cheers

Speed Skating.—500 meters—won by Jack Shea, U. S. 5,000 meters—won by Irving Jaffee, U. S. 1,500 meters—won by Jack Shea, U. S. 10,000 meters—won by Irving Jaffee, U. S.

Figure Skating.—Men's Championship —Won by Karl Schafer, Austria. Women's Championship—Won by Miss Sonja Henie, Norway. Pairs Championship—Won by M. and Mme. Pierre Brunet, France.

Hockey.—Canada 2, United States 1 (overtime). Germany 2, Poland 1. United States 4, Poland 1. Canada 4, Germany 1. Canada 9, Poland 0. United States 7, Germany 0. United States 5, Poland 0. Canada 5, Germany 0. Canada 10, Poland 0. United States 8, Germany 0. United States 2, Canada 2 (overtime). Canada won title. Germany 4, Poland 1.

Bob-sledding.—Two-Man Event—Won by J. Hubert Stevens and Curtis Stevens, U. S.—Four Man Event—Won by William L. Fiske, Edward F. Eagan, Clifford B. Gray, and Jay O'Brien, United States.

Skiing. — Eighteen-Kilometer Race —.

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WBZ	—Boston	6:45 E.S. Time
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Won by Sven Utterstrom, Sweden. Combined Event—Won by Johan Grottumsbraaten, Norway. Jumping Event—Won by Birger Ruud, Norway. Fifty-Kilometer Race—Won by Veli Saarinen, Finland.

THE results of the games are, naturally, pleasing to United States fans. But those who are beaming with gratification are warned by Edwin B. Dooley in the New York *Sun* to remember that "there is strength in numbers." Mr. Dooley, analyzing the results of the games and, endeavoring to arrive at reasons for our showing, remarks that "the United States team was made up of approximately ninety contestants, whose combined point-scoring ability totaled only a few more than did the handful of Norwegians."

Be this as it may, however, Mr. Dooley grants in another article that "the games have demonstrated conclusively the feasibility of holding as a definite and distinct part of the international championships a series of athletic events contested on snow and ice. A high spirit of sportsmanship and genuine camaraderie featured virtually every one of the many events which constituted the roster of international titular contests."

Stars of all nations shone with greater brilliance than usual in these games. Miss Henie of Norway, the Brunets of France outdid themselves in the skating events, as did also our own Shea and Jaffee. Billy Fiske showed that he can pilot a four-man bob as well as he did four years ago. And Birger Ruud and Johan Grottumsbraaten of Norway proved that in Norway the ski's the limit in winter sports.

Some brief glimpses of these athletes in action are granted us as we continue in Mr. Dooley's retrospective account of the games in *The Sun:*

In a field of truly talented skaters, such as Fritzi Burger, brilliant daughter of Austria, Maribel Vinson, American champion, smiling Yvonne de Ligne of Belgium, and a host of others, Sonja Henie's inimitable skating and flawless finesse were clearly outstanding. Even the crowd, uninitiated as it was in the subtleties of the pastime, were quick to sense Sonja's superiority, and to express its opinion audibly. Thousands voiced their appreciation at every new trick and graceful whirl, and made the rafters ring long after she retired to the sidelines.

With affable Karl Shafer, it was the same. This comparatively new satellite of the skating realm circled the arena with such sweeping majesty of form and flowing artistry that virtually every one felt that the trip to Placid was worth the effort just to see him perform. Pitted as he was against Gillis Emanuel Grafstrom of Sweden, world champion figure-skater, Shafer veered about as tho he hadn't a doubt in his mind but that he would be awarded the Olympic title.

Jack Shea, the native son of Lake Placid, who captured both the 500 and the 1,500 meter speed-skating races, is perhaps the most popular young citizen in the town.

There is no doubt but that he could run for Mayor and win in a landslide. Every time his picture is flashed in a newsreel in the local cinema emporium, the applause takes on the proportions of an earthquake.

When Towser Turns Man-Eater

FIVE snapping, snarling dogs "dashed out from a dark alley" in the Mongolian city of Urga and attacked the white traveler and his mount, the pony "Kublai Khan."

The traveler was Roy Chapman Andrews, the noted explorer, who tells about it in a copyrighted account of the adventure in the New York *American.*

One of the dogs, he continues, "leapt for my leg, but caught the leather stirrup-guard instead.

"Another hung to the pony's tail, and a third clung to his left hock.

"I reached for my rifle in the saddle-boot, but before I could draw it, the pony settled the matter by himself. Lashing out viciously with his hind feet, he sent one of the dogs rolling over and over, yelping piteously. The other let go of the pony's tail and joined with his three cannibalistic companions in devouring the injured dog."

Mr. Andrews, according to his own account, did well to escape from these unwelcome canine attentions, for the Mongolian dog, he assures us, is a dangerous fellow—a man-eater.

The Mongol dogs, he says, "are huge fellows of the Tibetan mastiff type, nearly as big as a Newfoundland. From puppyhood they are trained to be savage, and they learn their lesson well. I can testify to that, for half a dozen times I have very nearly been eaten by these same dogs."

EARLY in life they acquire a taste for human flesh, and they are always hungry, Mr. Andrews continues, as he tells of his narrowest escape from them:

I was near a monastery in the Gobi Desert, a hundred and fifty miles south of Urga, the sacred city of Mongolia.

I had camped two miles from the temple. As it was a beautiful moonlit night, I roasted a strip of antelope steak over the camel-dung fire, and crawled into my sleeping-bag without pitching a tent.

I laid my high-powered Mannlicher and a tiny twenty-two-caliber rifle beside the fur bag, within reach of my hand.

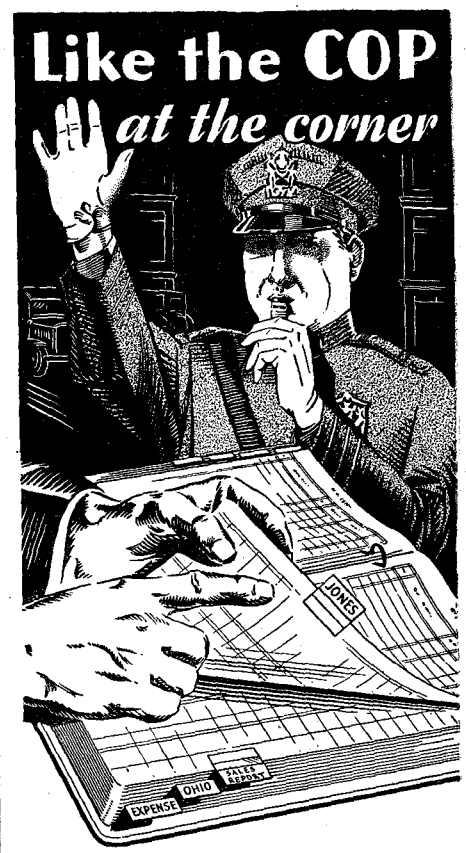
About two o'clock in the morning, I woke suddenly, feeling that something was wrong. There, not twenty feet away, were fourteen huge dogs stealthily circling, drawing nearer at every turn.

Just as I sat up, the big leader dashed in. I grabbed the first rifle that my hand touched, and fired from the hip. It happened to be the little twenty-two, but the great dog sank in his tracks, stone dead.

The others of the pack swept by, and I shot twice again. Yelps and howls told me that at least one had been wounded and was being devoured by his companions.

I never knew where the little bullet hit the big leader, for I dragged him off and in the morning nothing remained of his body but some scraps of skin. It really had been a narrow escape for me. The dogs thought that I was a dead Mongol as I lay there motionless, with only my head out of the fur bag. A second more, and their great jaws would have been tearing at my throat.

These bloodthirsty cousins of our own Rover, Towser, and Fido make life in Mongolian towns an affair of adventure—



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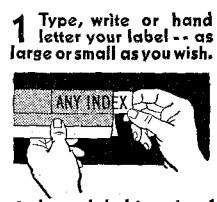

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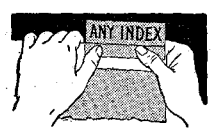

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of too much adventure, indeed, we may judge as we read on:

It is worth one's life to go through the open meat-market in Urga at night. Hundreds of dogs gather there to pick up the scraps that have fallen during the day's trade. These vagrant dogs are homeless, existing entirely by scavengering in the streets and eating the corpses thrown out from the lama city on the hill, where 15,000 priests cluster about the four great temples.

In Urga every house is surrounded by a ten-foot palisade of unpeeled logs. At night, after the family are safely indoors, the dogs are released. They roam the compound until morning, when the master of the house chains them up. Any stranger that ventures into the yard is attacked instantly.

No caravan goes into the desert without its dog, and the Mongol nomads always have two or three about the *yurts*. I don't think that the natives love them—at least they never show their affection—but for their usefulness they are valued even above a wife.

Putting Jumbo Out of a Job

THE sacred white elephant from the royal herd was parading sleepily and peacefully through one of the temple-lined streets of Bangkok.

He had had his daily dip in the river, and now he was headed for home.

The mahout, according to Don C. Wiley in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, "perched on the big beast's neck, his feet braced against the monstrous ears, was drowsing in the midday heat."

Suddenly the big fellow, property, according to this account, of King Prajadhipok, our recent royal visitor, saw a small automobile of the popular "baby" type parked at the curb.

He lifted his trunk. He trumpeted with rage. And he charged the "luckless car."

Continuing Mr. Wiley's exciting account:

The driver, a youth in white jacket and brilliant silk trousers, heard the bellow, dived from the car, and sprinted for safety.

Barefooted coolies turned their rickshaws and scattered like chickens before an oncoming motor-truck.

Food-sellers, whose baskets and stands lined the city wall behind the offending auto, ran screaming.

The mahout tried to halt his mount with shouted commands and the sharp end of his elephant hook, but the huge beast was not to be deterred.

Seizing the car in his trunk, he lifted it into the air, smashed it down upside down, and proceeded to batter in the sides with his huge front feet.

Then, with a snort of disgust, he turned and continued his stroll back to the royal elephant stockade.

THIS outburst probably grew from some quirk of animal psychology, a matter which we are glad to leave to the experts. But Mr. Wiley elects to consider it as "a gesture in defiance of modern machinery and the unemployment problem it threatens to create among Siam's pachyderm population." For, we read:

While none of the so-called sacred white

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elephants (which, incidentally, are neither white nor exactly sacred) does any work more strenuous than carrying an occasional howdah in one of Siam's frequent festivals, their less fortunate relative, the workers in the great teak forests, already are beginning to be replaced by an invention imported from the West—the gasoline tractor.

IF the elephant is jealous of modern machines, he has had quite a while to nurse his grudge, according to Mr. Wiley's story in *The Public Ledger*. The elephant ceased to be a factor in the Siamese Army many years ago, and the elephant is also being crowded out of other activities. Take the teak business for example:

Next to the growing of rice, the teak industry is the most important in Siam, netting the Government an annual income of more than $1,750,000.

And since time immemorial, elephants have been used for the heavy labor in the teak forests of Siam and adjoining Burma.

Directed by mahouts, who perch on their massive heads, the big beasts perform almost incredible feats of strength. Working in the depths of the forests, they move heavy logs, sometimes twenty feet in length, and with a circumference of more than six feet, jerking them along through the underbrush with the aid of heavy chain harness.

Despite his enormous strength, the elephant, the Siamese are beginning to discover, is not a particularly efficient bit of "machinery." A well-trained and tractable work elephant costs anywhere from $1,200 to $4,000.

He must have attained an age of five years before he is ready for heavy work in the forest, and during this period he has been eating steadily without bringing in cash returns.

This matter of food, incidentally, is an important one in elephant upkeep, for the appetite of the average pachyderm is tremendous.

An example of elephant psychology is frequently recalled among the timber men who gather in Bangkok. Some years ago a Northern Siamese teak company imported from England a new manager trained in modern efficiency methods.

He called for figures of the monthly expenses and was staggered by the sum spent on elephant food. A few days later he issued orders to the effect that elephant rations must undergo a material reduction.

The mahouts grumbled but obeyed. The elephants, on the other hand, revolted. After a week of shortened rations the entire herd declined to do any work.

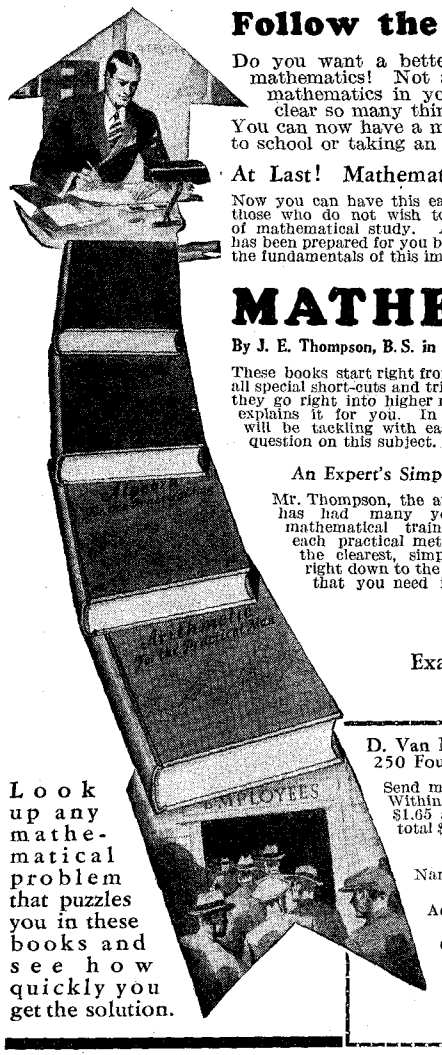
The manager stormed and tore his hair, but capitulated after a few days. The elephants went back to work on their old diet.

JUMBO, unwittingly, paved the way for his own commercial exit:

As early as 1896 the Siamese Department of Forestry decided upon a program which would improve conditions under which teak-logging could be carried on.

This program called for the clearing of underbrush, tropical creepers, and other impediments from the forests. Only elephants trained in jungle ways could carry on this work. But now that it has been done, the way is opened for the tractor to operate with comparative ease.

The first man in Siam to utilize tractors at the expense of his elephant herd was H. R. H. Prince Svasti, the genial uncle of King Prajadhipok.



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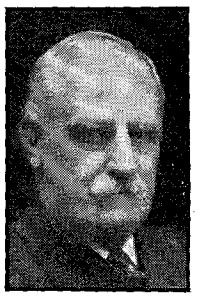

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Brighter Skies for the Railroads

THE TURN HAS COME FOR THE RAILROADS.

This seems evident to financial writers as they call attention to the wage-reduction which is expected to save the railroads $250,000,000 this year, and the $125,000,000 which is expected to be gained by the freight-rate advances, and, biggest of all, the helping hand of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Now, there is "extremely little likelihood that any more important roads will be forced into the hands of receivers," remarks J. C. Royle, in one of his business dispatches from Washington.

Two essential facts with regard to the railroads, writes J. M. Daiger from Washington to *Forbes Magazine*, the R. F. C. recognizes:

1. That railroad bonds represent the very foundation of the investment structure of all fiduciary institutions—savings-banks, the savings and thrift departments of commercial banks, trust companies, estates, insurance companies, schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals.
2. That the financing of railroads through public offerings of securities is virtually impossible in the present state of railroad earnings and of the market for railroad securities.

In fact, a system for making loans for the banks and the railroads has been set up by the R. F. C. As Charles F. Speare writes in a New York dispatch for the Consolidated Press:

It appears that the Interstate Commerce Commission is to act in the capacity of a supervisor of the railroad loans, as all of the information necessary in connection with such loans must first be scrutinized by a committee from the Commission, which is more familiar with the facts of railroad finance and of operations than any other body.

Such financing as is done in behalf of the carriers will be of temporary character and, like all other loans to be made by the Reconstruction Corporation, is not to exceed a term of three years. It is important to note that aid will be given to carriers that have construction projects under way. This would properly include the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is making application for loans to complete the electrification of the New York-Washington division. Inasmuch as there is comparatively little new construction of railroad mileage being undertaken in the United States, most of the relief will be in the nature of accommodating maturing obligations. There are a few projects of a construction nature, such as those in Colorado and a short uncompleted division of one of the small independent Eastern carriers, whose promoters will undoubtedly look to the government agency for assistance.

No loan to any corporation or its subsidiary or affiliate shall exceed at any one time $100,000,000.

The extent to which the Reconstruction Corporation may be called upon to take over the work of the Railroad Credit Corporation, which was set up to assist the carriers, and whose funds are derived from the increase in freight rates, or to supplement the National Credit Corporation, organized as a relief agency for the banks, is a subject of conjecture. The circular of the Reconstruction Corporation states that any railroad applicant for a loan must indicate whether it has been assisted by the Railroad Credit Corporation.

The receivers of the Wabash Railroad were the first to appear before the Reconstruction Corporation with a request for a loan of a size regarded as too large for the Railroad Credit Corporation to negotiate. The general belief is that most of the major railroad loans will go through the Reconstruction Corporation, and the smaller and less imperative ones be handled by the Railroad Credit Corporation.

No loans will be asked by a number of important Western railroads, it seems. This list includes the Atchison, the Milwaukee, the Illinois Central, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, while if the Chicago Great Western does ask for a loan, it will use the money for additions and betterments to its property.

But applications already made for railroad loans aggregate some $600,000,000, the New York *Journal of Commerce's* Chicago correspondent hears. Three purposes, we are told, are indicated in the applications:

1. Refunding of maturing obligations. Railroads having bond and equipment trust issues maturing over the balance of this year are generally handing in their applications already in this connection.
2. Refunding of short-term bank loans.
3. New construction. While a number of carriers did not originally intend to request advances for new investment in road and equipment, the application of the Pennsylvania Railroad for $5,000,000 a month for electrification purposes has influenced other roads to take similar action where they feel the improvements are justified under prevailing economic conditions.

Among railroad circles the Pennsylvania's loan plan is generally considered appropriate, we read in the New York *Times*. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* thinks it provides "a good example of the Corporation's field of service":

The Pennsylvania is proceeding with its reconstruction plans, but has been retarded in its electrification and terminal projects because financial conditions in the country have closed most of the usual sources of new capital.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, representing about an eighth of the country's railroad investment, is engaged in the largest electrification project in the world, and funds to continue operations would spread on beyond the needs of the road itself, bolstering employment in many lines.

The continuation of the electrification program of the Pennsylvania Railroad at full speed, through the grant of the requested loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, will provide work and wages for approximately 20,000 men.

But loans of this type seem rather unfortunate to the New York *Herald Tribune*, except perhaps in rare cases. After all, it says, it is not the function of the R. F. C. to increase employment—

Railroad credit is at a low ebb, it is true, but if the Reconstruction Corporation succeeds, as it presumably hopes to, in preventing railroad bond defaults, it will be doing a man's-sized job in that direction, and one that should satisfy the carriers.

"As the line forms on the right," Eugene M. Lokey of the New York *Times* remarks that if all the railroad applications were approved, it could absorb most of that initial $500,000,000, which is at the disposal of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The *Times* writer bases his remark on a table prepared by E. E. Laufer of D. M. Minton and Company, which shows this year's railroad bond maturities. These, it is expected, will have a strong claim on the R. F. C.'s resources. Bond maturities total $103,400,000, and besides there are equipment trust maturities amounting to $36,473,000. Bond maturities in 1933, by the way, are said to add up to about $300,000,000, and for 1934 the figure is put at $375,000,000. Here is the list of 1932 bond maturities:

Road	*Amount*	*Date Due*
Boston & Maine	$2,400,000	Mar. 1
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	2,500,000	Mar. 1
Pennsylvania	2,100,000	Mar. 1
Chicago & Northwestern	2,000,000	Apr. 1
Minneapolis & St. Louis	950,000	June 1
St. Louis Southwestern	20,700,000	June 1
New York Central	2,250,000	July 1
Pere Marquette	6,000,000	Aug. 1
Baltimore & Ohio	35,000,000	Aug. 10
Pennsylvania	3,500,000	Oct. 1
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	20,000,000	Oct. 1
Akron, Canton & Youngstown	2,500,000	Nov. 1
New York Central	3,500,000	Dec. 1

The equipment trust maturities—not including about $40,000,000 that the roads involved are well able to refund from their own cash resources—are set down as follows:

Road	*Amount*
Baltimore & Ohio	$6,565,000
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	2,629,000
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	2,872,000
Chicago Northwestern	3,400,000
Denver & Rio Grande Western	520,000
Erie R. R	2,021,000
Illinois Central	5,636,000
Missouri Pacific	1,928,000
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	981,000
Seaboard Air Line	3,421,000
St. Louis and San Francisco	1,859,000
Southern Railway	3,332,000
Wabash	1,299,000

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Turning to the effect of the wage-cuts, we read in *Barron's Weekly* that to a number of roads earning fixt charges by a substantial margin it "will mean the return to a financial condition which will enable sizable expenditure on property improvement"—

In this category fall Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, Atchison, and a number of others. However, others will not be able to show earnings on their stock until there is a substantial pick-up in traffic.

A NUMBER of prominent roads have estimated what the 10 per cent. wage-reduction on a 1931 traffic basis would mean to them annually. *Barron's* tabulates this estimate, pointing out that it does not mean that the earning power per common share will be increased by the amounts indicated—

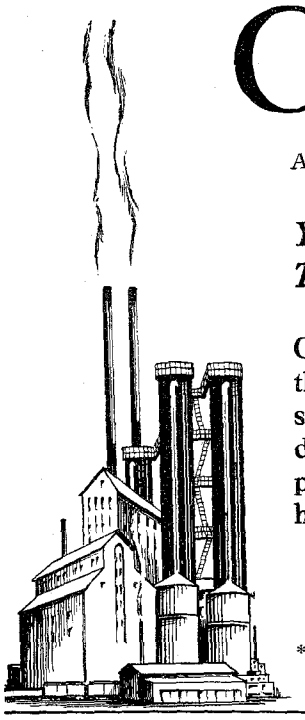
This could result only where a given company showed some earning power on its common stock on the low traffic in 1931. Many roads did not earn fixt charges last year. Consequently, additional amounts that may be available in 1932 from wage-cuts would first be absorbed in meeting fixt charge assuming no improvement in traffic. Moreover, the figures should be considered as the maximum effects on earning power, because the roads will doubtless use some of the savings for deferred maintenance in living up to the spirit of the wage-cut pact, which stipulated that the carriers should add as many men as practicable.

Among roads included in the list below, estimated to have shown no earnings on common stocks in 1931, are Erie, Lehigh Valley, Illinois Central, St. Louis-San Francisco, St. Paul, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Rock Island, Pere Marquette, Nickel Plate, and Chicago and North Western.

After this explanation, the aggregate amount of savings per railroad and per common share of stock is then set down as follows by *Barron's:*

	Amount	*Per Com. Share*
Atchison	$8,000,000	$3.30
Atlantic Coast Line	2,800,000	3.34
Bangor & Aroostook	250,000	1.76
Boston & Maine	2,250,000	5.69
Baltimore & Ohio	10,000,000	3.90
Central R. R. of New Jersey	1,400,000	5.10
Chesapeake & Ohio	5,100,000	0.66
Chicago & North Western	6,000,000	3.78
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	5,000,000	2.92
Delaware & Hudson	†1,700,000	3.29
D. L. & W	2,500,000	1.48
Erie	4,000,000	2.64
Great Northern	3,000,000	‡1.25
Illinois Central	6,000,000	4.41
Kansas City Southern	600,000	2.00
Louisville & Nashville	4,900,000	4.18
Lehigh Valley	2,500,000	2.06
M.-K.-T	1,500,000	‡2.25
Missouri Pacific System	*5,000,000	‡6.03
New Haven	4,000,000	2.54
New York Central	17,500,000	3.50
Nickel Plate	1,600,000	4.74
Northern Pacific	3,000,000	1.25
Norfolk & Western	3,300,000	2.35
Pere Marquette	1,200,000	2.66
Pennsylvania	20,000,000	1.53
Rock Island	4,500,000	6.05
Reading	4,000,000	2.85
Southern	4,800,000	3.70
St. Paul	3,500,000	6.41
Southern Pacific	9,500,000	2.25
St. Louis-San Francisco	2,000,000	3.05
Texas & Pacific	1,300,000	3.36
Union Pacific	6,000,000	2.69

*Excludes Texas & Pacific. †Figured on 10 per cent. basis—company is now negotiating for other means of adjusting wages. ‡Preferred.



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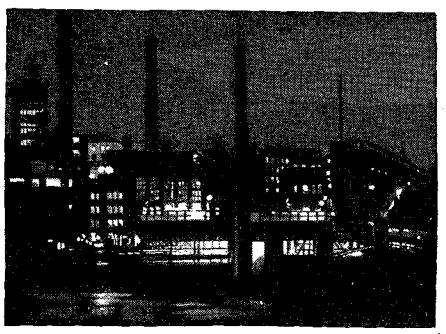
Industry Turns to Electricity and Gas

● Industries in areas served by the **Associated Gas & Electric System** are modernizing by substituting electricity for steam power, by replacing private electric plants with central station service, and by substituting gas for other fuels. The result of these changes over the past five years is:

Total plants modernized..1,267
With Electricity..... 951
With Gas..... 316

Since 1920, the use of both electricity and gas in industry has been more than doubled.



Still, only 75 per cent of industry is now electrified, and only 49 per cent. gets its power from public utility plants. It is estimated that there is an immediate opportunity for an increase of 50 per cent. in the amount of gas used by industry.

For information about industrial opportunities in Associated Areas, write

Associated Gas & Electric System
61 Broadway New York City

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LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY OF GREAT BRITAIN

G S R
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND

A Population Change That May Revolutionize Business

TO-DAY youth must be served.

The successful business man must know how to appeal to the youthful mind.

He must be ready for quick shifts of fashion to meet each new whim of the rising generation. He must think in words like speed, flash, dash, jazz, dazzle, change.

To-morrow age must be served—which will mean a business revolution.

It is time for business men to realize, editors are remarking, that the census figures which economists and insurance experts and social workers are studying hold the germs of business and industrial overturn.

Two main facts stand out from the maze of census statistics, the writer of the Washington letter of the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst makes a point of telling us. The first is that "our population is not increasing so rapidly as formerly." The second, which results from the first, is that "the proportion of older people making up the nation is increasing."

Back in 1923 the population of this country was growing at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. The rate is now about 900,000 a year. The birth-rate is decreasing. Immigration is decreasing. The death-rate is slowing rising. "The number of people over sixty-five years old increased 34 per cent. between 1920 and 1930, while children under five decreased 1 per cent." The writer feels convinced that these trends are permanent and that the "population will grow with progressively less rapidity from year to year." Carrying this to its ultimate conclusion, this means that our population should become stationary around 1950 and then, after a decade or so, "it is logical to expect the gradual decline."

TAKING up the same figures the New York *Journal of Commerce* declares that their bearing upon the problem of the American business man is plain:

> Instead of counting upon increasing his sales to a rapidly growing population, he will be forced to accommodate his ambition to a market that no longer shows a capacity for steady growth.
>
> With a rise in living standards which is reasonably to be expected, there will be more wants per individual and a greater variety of wants to be satisfied. Consequently there will be greater diversification of industry instead of concentration upon a smaller number of rapidly expanding industries. Furthermore, what people want and need depends upon the age composition of the public; and with populations approaching a stationary state, the proportion of children will decline, while the percentage of the population in the upper age groups will increase.
>
> The change, of course, will come gradually, we read in the Ernst & Ernst bulletin. But it is inevitable.
>
> It means in the first place that business men can not expect rapid expansion due to the increase in the number of customers and, plainly, "present business practises will have to be revamped if business can no longer depend on 15 to 25 per cent. more customers every ten years." Business planners must in the future consider growth of purchasing power and a rising standard of living instead of an increasing consuming public. It is possible that industry to-day is overexpanded in anticipation of a rapid expansion of population, which the census figures now make extremely doubtful. Since other nations are in much the position we are, we can hardly expect an expansion of foreign trade great enough to take up the slack. Hence, "the job for business leaders then would be the making of better customers instead of more customers, and the problem of raising the standard of living will become more economic than social." As the writer carries on this interesting discussion:
>
> Under these circumstances merchandising will attract more attention, and become a more acute problem than production. More than mere salesmanship will be required to make and keep customers as competition grows. The tendency will be toward greater elimination of waste in distribution, and this may lead toward standardization of quality.
>
> Cities may not grow as rapidly as formerly, nor in the same manner. A rising standard of living might accentuate the present city-to-suburb movement. If so, city real estate values might tend to fall, and suburban values tend to rise.
>
> Fewer farmers would be needed to feed the nation, because their efficiency is increasing.
>
> A tendency toward industrial decentralization may develop. Branch factories may increase. Prestige and advantages now associated with sheer size may dwindle. Management may be concentrated and production decentralized for sake of efficiency.
>
> Another set of economic and social problems may result from the fact that the proportion of older people in our population will increase if the trend toward a stationary population persists. The major effect of this change in age composition would be a change in consumption habits. Smaller families may make possible a continuation of luxury purchasing, but the definition of luxuries would be altered. If profitable employment is found for the increased number of older people, it appears that total purchasing power can be increased.
>
> Industry may be forced to reorganize its employment policy to overcome the dearth of young people. It may be forced to develop a production system which older people are capable of operating profitably. Management necessarily would be made up of older men than at present.
>
> The tendency would be toward conservatism. There would be less tolerance of change, less tolerance of the ideas of youngsters, a tendency to preserve customs and institutions, less risk taking.
>
> This conservatism would affect both the economic and political structure. Our spending habits may change. We may spend more on leisure, but of a more sedate type than at present.
>
> Banking would be affected. Chances for speculative gains would tend to decrease as conservatism of an older people rises.

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Henry Ford Sees Around That Corner

HENRY FORD is no fool—certainly not in running his own business, reflects the Springfield *Union*.

He must see a little further around that corner where Prosperity is hiding, argues this daily.

For without an increase of buying power on the part of wage-earners and salaried people, there would be no market for that eight-cylinder car and the new four he has just announced. As the New England paper sees it:

Mr. Ford's judgment evidently has convinced him that this purchasing power is shortly to be restored, and there is good reason to believe that back of this judgment there is something more than mere guesswork. In other matters he may be sentimental or even notional, but not in the conduct of his business. His new departure is therefore a hopeful sign.

Hard-headed business men think they see one of the first definite indications of a business upturn in this resumption of activity by the Detroit automobile manufacturer, so the New York *Herald Tribune* reports. To quote from the financial columns of this daily:

Reemployment of workers on a big scale by the Ford plant not only insures a substantial addition to pay-rolls in important sections of the country, but the resumption of production by the company will reflect favorably in a large number of manufacturing concerns from which Ford purchases, as well as giving a stimulus to certain raw-material markets.

The delay in production of the new Ford models not only had a detrimental effect on the communities in which Ford plants were located, but bore heavily upon the entire automobile industry.

At the peak of employment in Ford plants more than 200,000 persons draw wages and salaries, compared with only a few thousands in the periods when his plants are idle.

THE Ford announcement, we read, certainly indicates brighter prospects for the automobile industry as a whole:

The delay in announcement of the Ford models not only held up the sale of thousands of cars, for the reason that buyers wished to see what Ford had to offer; but it held back the plans of Ford's competitors. In the motor-car-making business the strategy is to see what the other fellow has to offer, and go one better.

It is important to note that Ford's resumption coincides with steps taken by the Administration at Washington to rehabilitate credit and put the buying machinery of the country in motion.

Applying to the automobile industry generally, definite knowledge of Ford's plans add strength to a belief that the substantial revival now indicated may surpass expectations.

Stock-Market Recoveries as Aids to Thought

PARTLY short-covering, partly the effect of the Government's finance plan.

That seems to be the general Wall Street explanation of the mid-February upturn on the Stock Exchange.

Phrases like "tremendously bullish in import," "vast potentialities," were frequently heard as the market responded to the good news from Washington.

Some of the buying was undoubtedly inspired by erroneous ideas of the purpose of the Administration, but, remarks Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor of the New York *Times*, even so it touched the imagination. And it led Mr. Noyes to reflect on the meaning of these sharp upward reactions in a bear market:

They resemble in that respect the occasional "sharp reactions," which at such times as November, 1928, and March, 1929, varied the upward sweep from one extravagant valuation to another. In 1929, as nowadays, the pressure from the investing and speculating public had been altogether in one direction. No prices could be too high in that other episode, and none could be too low for the public mind of 1931.

Still, it is a fact that the intermittent reactions of three or four years ago are recognized now to have been preliminary warning of what was eventually to happen with the general market.

NOWADAYS everybody knows that the 1929 market was not foreshadowing the future of business, but was merely "a measure of that day's mental vagaries and unsound ideas." But nobody realized it then, and to-day, says Mr. Noyes, nobody realizes that the same thing is true of the 1932 market. As we read:

This is the more curious, because the extravagances of 1931 and 1932 have been as completely out of line with human experience as those of 1929 and 1928.

The picture presented in those other years—stocks rising five or ten points a day when their net investment yield was already barely 1½ or 2 per cent., prices adjusted to "thirty-time earnings" instead of the traditional "ten times," shares paying a 5 per cent. dividend quoted at 200 or 300—nowadays stands in its proper place in the Wall Street gallery. In 1950, possibly in 1940, it will be hard to make even the Wall Street of the day believe that such things ever happened.

Perhaps, in that same future, it will be equally difficult to make a new generation believe that high-grade railway bonds were quoted in 1931, in a 3 per cent. money market, at prices to yield 7 and 8 per cent., that 4 and 5 per cent. bonds of entirely solvent railways sold on the Stock Exchange at 40 and 50 cents on the dollar, or that securities of important European governments and cities, regularly paying interest, would return to the investor, if bought at "the market's low," an income of 15 to 35 per cent. But that kind of market has been taken for granted in this present high-interest period.

Man Collects "Library" of 35 Fine Pipes

Yet Swears By ONE Tobacco Exclusively

Mr. Calvin L. White of Clairton, Pa., is an ardent pipe smoker. To him, a good pipe and good tobacco offer the only *real* smoking satisfaction, and he leaves no stone unturned in his search for the happiest combination of these two.

In fact, in his search he has made a collection of thirty-five fine pipes—a "library" of pipes many a smoker might well envy him. But his search for a "good tobacco" ended long ago with his discovery of one brand that settled all his doubts. Let him tell you about it—

608 St. Clair Ave.,
Clairton, Pa.
June 29, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am very much a pipe smoker, because a good pipe and good tobacco offer the only real enjoyment I can get from a smoke. While it is true that a good pipe has a lot to do with a good smoke, the wrong kind of tobacco spoils everything for me. My collection of pipes consists of thirty-five, and all of them are considered fine ones. But when it comes to tobacco, I stick to one brand exclusively—and that is Edgeworth.

You will be interested to know that although I have smoked every one of these pipes through a number of years now, I have never experienced a sore throat or have I ever had any unpleasant aftertaste.

My advice to any man is this—get a good pipe, a can of Edgeworth, and enjoy the real comfort and satisfaction that smoking has to offer.

Yours very truly,
Calvin L. White.

If, by chance, you are not a pipe smoker, why not take Mr. White's advice and give it a try with a good pipe and a tin of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco? There seems to be something about this cool, slow-burning smoke that makes men "write home about it."

Perhaps it's that special Edgeworth blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Maybe you've been overlooking a "bet" that will bring you more smoking satisfaction than you've yet known.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it from any dealer in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening. They sing spirituals in the old Southern way. If you like a big chorus of men's voices, tune in.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Why Locks Turn Green.—"I thought your secretary was blonde?"

"She was, but she's gone off the Gold Standard."—*Passing Show.*

Saving Dad Trouble.—IRATE PARENT—"When that young cub who's paying you attention comes here again I'll sit on him."

DAUGHTER—"Oh, let me do it, father."—*Schenectady Union Star.*

Complicated Case.—VETERINARY SURGEON—"The cow must take a tablespoon of this medicine twice daily."

FARMER—"But our cow has no tablespoons. She drinks out of a pail."—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung.*

Sticking to It.—WIFE—"Mother says she nearly died laughing over those stories you told her."

HUB—"Where is she? I'll tell her some funnier ones."—*Boston Transcript.*

Put the Lid On.—"Father, did Edison make the first talking-machine?"

"No, my son, God made the first talking-machine, but Edison made the first one that could be cut off."—*Wataugan.*

Has He a Cast in His Eye?—FORTUNE TELLER—"You are going to marry a tall, dark man."

THE GIRL—"Can't you be specific? All four of them are tall and dark."—*Boston Transcript.*

Those Joneses Again.—NEWEDD—"I wonder why it is we can't save anything."

MRS. NEWEDD—"It's the neighbors, dear; they are always doing something we can't afford."—*Tit-Bits.*

Killing Persiflage.—A lovely girl with red hair entered the car and sat down beside a youth.

YOUTH (edging away)—"I must not get too close or I shall catch fire."

GIRL—"Don't be alarmed; green wood never catches fire."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Making Life Sweeter.—The wags are telling it at Harry Lauder's expense, but I wager a pretzel he hadn't a thing to do with it.

At any rate, the story goes that Harry was playing golf one bitter cold day. At the end of the round he slipt something into the caddie's hand and said kindly, "That's for a glass of hot whisky, my man."

The caddie opened his hand and discovered a lump of sugar!—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Perfect Defense.—It is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness, says a medical column.

And vice-versa.—*Life.*

Back to Nature.—"Just fancy, grandma," said the girl; "I had my second flying lesson to-day, and it won't be long before I'll be able to take you to the country in my airplane."

"You won't do anything of the kind," said her grandmother, grimly. "When I want to go to the country, I'll go by train, as Providence intended us to."—*Tit-Bits.*

Bridegroom (to Best Man): "If ye maun tie a shoe on the cab, let it be a pair."

—"The Humorist" (London).

Romance Plus.—FRIEND—"Which of your works of fiction do you consider the best?"

AUTHOR—"My last income-tax return."—*Passing Show.*

Watch Your Step!—MRS. DE STYLE (at modiste's, as mannequins display gowns)—"Which do you like best, Robert?"

HUSBAND—"I prefer the tall brunette—er—that is, I mean the pink chiffon, my dear."—*Boston Transcript.*

New Racket on Dad.—BOBBY (short of money)—"I say, dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?"

FATHER (taken by surprize)—"Why—no—but—er——"

BOBBY—"Then would you like to put me on the dole?"—*Tatler.*

Nor Tries to Corner the Market.—Man criticizes woman for her extravagance, but she never wastes two dollars' worth of shot-gun shells in order to get a twenty-cent rabbit.—*Louisville Times.*

Nor uses twenty gallons of gasoline and pays $25 boat hire to get where the fish aren't.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Nor goes into a restaurant and buys a 25-cent meal and gives the waiter a 25-cent tip because he smiled at her.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Krazy Kat Spurned Again?—Burdette had gone to the mouse to attempt a reconciliation. She refused to listen to his pleas.—*Every Evening (Wilmington, Del.).*

Zowie!—Into this little town, suffering for months under the effect of the depression, the Judd case has dropt like mama upon the Arizona desert.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Common Complaint.—Mr. H—— became worse and it was discovered that he was suffering from members of his family.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Prodigy of Crime.—In six years the 5-year-old desperado has built up a reputation as a cold and ruthless killer, kidnaper, highwayman, and bank robber.—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin.*

Plain Dairy for Us.—The complaint says after the genuine Roquefort is made and packed in round tinfoil packages the delicacy is placed in certain calves in the Village of Roquefort, where there is present certain bacilli of fermentation.—*Hoboken (N. J.) Jersey Observer.*

Cousin of the Snark?—A cut across the hand was exhibited by Nate Bell, the father, who said he suffered the slight wound while disarming the sschrdletaoiu-usmfi-whilenn.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

We Echo sh sh.—Mrs. Gann sat at the President's right during the dinner in the dark The vice FB,sh sh sh sh s—*New Haven Register.*

St. Peter Might Object.—
Dead Flyer Warned
Not to Do Stunts
—*Newark Evening News.*

Drug Store Branching Out.—
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
ADDED TO KENNEDY'S
CUT RATE DRUG STORE
—*Washington (Pa.) paper.*

Old Friend Bobs Up.—
Coupe 1930—$295

ETAOINSHRDLU Coach 30.....	$300
ETAOINSHRDLU Coupe 29.....	215
ETAOINSHRDLU Coupe 28.....	195
ETAOINSHRDLU Coach 29.....	215
ETAOINSHRDLU Coach 28.....	195
ETAOINSHRDLU Coach 28.....	185

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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